The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A VISION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EVELYN M. SIMPSON.

Still I seem to see her stand
  Like some being born of story—
With the roses in her hand,
  And the lilies in her hair,
  Gleaming through its golden glory.

Still, her eyes of Saxon blue,
  With her tender soul out-yearning,
Thrill me like a sudden view
  Of the sun upon the sea,
  At some lonely wood-path's turning.

Ah, that presence! pure and sweet,
  Into which oft, all unshrinking
Even to her very feet,
  Timid birds and conies came—
  But not I, without heart-sinking.

Fifty years have passed since then—
  She within her grave is lying.
I have run the race of men,
  Fought the world and won, and yet
  In the old dreams round me flying,

Still I seem to see her stand,
  Like some being born of story,
With the roses in her hand,
  And the lilies in her hair,
  Gleaming through its golden glory.

JOSS-HOUSE AT NINGPO, CHINA.

Our engraving represents the great joss-house at Ningpo, one of the finest in China. The pillars supporting the porch are of stone. The two lions in the courtyard are carved out of purple marble. In the centre is an immense brazen vase. The whole of the vast building is as gorgeous as carving, colored porcelain, and gilding can make it.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

I peeped out from behind the curtain, and saw that the audience had already begun to assemble. All young people they seemed to be, in high spirits, and beautifully dressed. How I wished myself grown-up, as I looked at them, and felt very frightened and forlorn at the thought of venturing out, the only child among them. Perhaps Cecil was right—and I had better have gone to bed.

As I still peered out, the curtain fluttering in my trembling hand, I became conscious of a familiar face in the gay crowd, two near-sighted eyes staring through their spectacles as the owner made his awkward way towards my piano, which was placed at one side of the room, just beyond the alcove—Professor Gompelheim—my old teacher; I slipped through the curtains, and behind the piano, where I welcomed the small, shy Professor, who was quite as glad to see me, as I was to see him. "You are goot child. You vill aid me to geep de blaces," said the good Professor, to which I responded readily, having gained a pretty correct idea of the arrangement of the programme from the constant attendance at the different rehearsals. The Professor began to play airs from different overtures, and then, a march—the Grand March from Faust; the curtain slowly drew aside, and a steamboat, hugely disproportioned to the size of the stage, puffed across it, drawing a gondola, from which three personages stepped upon the stage.

First came Othello, wearing a negro mask, with a coronet of polished tin bent around his woolly head, and surmounted by an enormous, scarlet turban. He wore a scarlet robe, trimmed with fur; white, Turkish trowsers; and had displayed in his belt, a pair of horse-pistols, a dagger, and bowie-knife; while a cavalry-sabre, a yataghan, and straight sword hung at his side. Then followed Desdemona, Ruth, who looked wonderfully pretty, all in white, with her hair down, and plenty of powder on her face. She carried a long, slender pole, to which was attached a glittering tin spear-head. Then came Miss Cray, as Emilia, dressed in rose-color, with a long train, her magnificent hair loose upon her shoulders. She carried a miniature flag.

Othello, having given a tremendous blast of his tin horn, marched slowly across the stage, followed by Desdemona and Emilia; then, the trio, facing the audience, sang—Land of the Trumpet and the Spear—from the opera of Anna Bolena; during which Othello occasionally sounded a note upon his tin trumpet, Desdemona majestically leaned upon the spear, and Emilia waved her banner. After this, Othello inquired of Desdemona—Oh! lady, have I sought too boldly? and thinking his suit received with favor, proceeded to inform the audience that he found this a "moment too enchanting," solos from Fry's "Leonora." Then, removing a few pistols from his belt, he drew a small-sized sheet from his capacious pocket, which he proceeded to display to the admiring ladies as the handkerchief lately sent him by his beloved mamma, and which he proposed to bestow upon his beloved and loving partner, as a token of his tender affection. Shaking out the folds of this with one hand, and grasping a dagger in the other, he proceeded to enforce certain arguments for the safe keeping of this delicate love-token, to an air from the "Siege of Rochelle."

"Threatening death if e'er you lose What I now present to you, Come, my dear, you'd better choose, Yes, you Had! Yes, you Had. To do what I would have you do, Yes, you Had! Yes, you Had! repeat. To what I would have you do, Yes, you Had! repeat. Woven by the Fairies, this, The thread was steeped in mountain dews, To keep it now you'd best refuse, If you Dare! If you Dare!"

"Bordered round with strawberries,
Steeped in odors strong as wine,
You will lose this gift of mine
If you dare! If you dare!
You will lose this gift divine,
If you dare! If you dare!
With the dagger and the bowl,
Evening gray, or morning fair,
I will read your guilty soul,
If you dare! If you dare!"

This was the end of the first act, and the curtain fell. The Professor gave us quite a pot-pourri of lively airs, and the curtain rose upon quite a gorgeous apartment, with mirrors, and silken draperies, a table, set with fruit and wine, a statuette of Bacchus mounted on a pedestal, and encircled by a vine, and a profusion of gayly embroidered cushions, upon which Desdemona and Emilia entering seated themselves. Having arranged themselves very comfortably, they proceeded to invite each other to—Come with the Gipsey's Bride—in a duett from the "Bohemian Girl." When this was finished, a soft tenor was heard just beyond the scenes.

"Hark! I hear an angel sing,
Angels now are on the wing,
And their voices, singing clear,
Say, Othello isn't here;
Yes, I hear them, gentle one,
And I see the glorious sun,
Sinking lower in the sky,
To bring our time of meeting nigh.

"Look, oh! look! the southern sky
Mirrors flowers of every dye.
Tripping o'er yon flowery plain,
Iago's coming back again.
Iago's coming, aren't you glad?
Now Othello's gone, you must be sad,
But now I know he ain't to hum,
Why I come! I come! I come! I come!"

With these last words, entered Cecil, as Iago—wearing a dress of blue and silver, a blue velvet cap, adorned with a sparkling band of gems, and carrying a pair of bellows, which in a kind of recitative aside to the audience, he declared to be a *belloso*, the first of a series of gifts destined to corrupt the faith of Desdemona, and lead to his obtaining possession of the famous handkerchief. Approaching Desdemona, he addressed her as follows, to the air of The Captain:

"To kindle a flame in Otello's black breast
This present, fair lady, to you is addressed.
If you blow it up well, how brightly will it shine!
But I ask in return that the wipe shall be mine.

"See, 'tis all too small for your dainty little nose,
'Tis big enough to make a Dutchman's small clothes,
But with the belloso, if Otello should scold,
You can *blow him up* before he's another day old."

But Desdemona is obdurate, and sings—"No! no! no! no! my vow I'll keep. Blow it hot or cold, laugh I, or weep."

Iago goes out shaking his head, and returns with a *gridiron*. This he displays to Desdemona, pleading to the air of "Rory O More."

"Now, lady, this surely you cannot resist,
You can cook Tell's steak with a tune of your fist;
Just put this so gingerly over the fire,
And 'twill cook like the blazes, though you may perspire;
But the moisture will be like the dew from the rose,
And will soften your heart, though it dampen your clothes,
And, blushing, you'll hand Lord Otello his tripe,
And sure he'll rejoice that you gave me the wipe."

And to this Desdemona responds—

"No, no, no, no, the saint me environ,
To save from cold steel, or a warmer gridiron."

Again Iago goes out and returns with a wringing machine, and placing it upon the floor, stands beside it, while he sings to the air of—The Long, Long Weary Day—

"Long, long, Otello's shirts
Have lain, have lain in soak,
And he who hateth dirt,
Finds it, finds it no joke
To be without a clean one.
'Tis long, 'tis very long since he has seen one,
And oh! he mourneth no shirt returneth
From that lone watch he keeps, where in the suds it sleeps."

Then going down on one knee beside the wringing machine, he demonstrates its use by gently insinuating a corner of the handkerchief into it, and turning the handle—

"But with this nice machine
You soon can wring them clean,
And let the poor man have
A shirt when he doth shave
With buttons newly sewn on,
And he will bless the day when you to me did say
My friend, Iago, there's no embargo
Upon the handkerchief, 'tis yours, my friend, in brief."

Again Desdemona declines with vehement action, and sings—

"No, no, you wretch, you! if he should catch you!"

For the third time Iago retires, and this time brings in an ancient flask. With this in his hand, he approaches the image of Bacchus, and kneeling before it, takes the cork from his bottle, pours a portion of its contents at the base of the pedestal, and sings to the air of "Rosin the Beau."

"I'll pour out a rosy libation
To Bacchus, the god of the vine,
That he may descend from his station,
And to his adorer incline.
Oh! thou, with the bright, flowing tresses,
And ruddy face, laughing and free,
A faithful disciple addresses
A strong adjuration to thee!

"In an arbor o'errunning with roses,
The laughing god lies at his ease,
Near him the siren Faun reposes,
And the Loves cluster close round his knees.
But, Bacchus, by every libation
I've poured in the rollicking wine,
Descend, oh! descend from thy station,
And a wreath for my temples entwine.

"In my hand place the full-flowing measure,
Let thy gay Fauns dance madly around,
To entice all the votaries of Pleasure,
To join in the mystical round
Which we pace to the wood-god's wild fluting
Till night blossoms into the morn,
And the flower-crowned nymphs fly at the hunting
Of the big the hunter's loudly blown horn."

Desdemona advances, takes the bottle, and sings—

"Not in vain, not in vain thy petition,
Oh! give me the goblet I love,
Let those couple wine with perdition
Who never its pleasures can prove."

Duett—

"Let us drink, let us drink then, forgetting
While we grasp the sweet rose there's a thorn;
Let us drink while the shadows are letting
Dark night glimmer into bright morn."

Othello, Desdemona and Emilia seat themselves at the table, and filling their goblets, sing "Sparkling and Bright," waving their glasses over their heads and clinking them in unison. Then they leave the table and dance, what is given in the programme as the—Pas Tipsique—and which is danced to the music of a waltz, with much waving of glasses and many changes in the figures, and is much prettier, being much more modest and graceful than a stage-ballet. At the close of the dance they pause and sing—"Away, away, the morning freshly breaking," from the opera of Massaniello. This closes the second act. Iago goes out triumphantly with the handkerchief.

The third act represented the same apartment, with Desdemona reclining fast asleep on some cushions. A voice is heard behind the scenes singing—

"Evening is closing o'er valley and hill;
Stars are appearing and fading the day;
Come to the window, my fairest, and hear me,
Far, ere to-morrow, I wander away.

"Long have you known my esteem, my devotion;
Long have I loved you in weal and in woe;
Let us not part, then, in sadness and sorrow,
Grant me one look, for to-morrow I go."

Then Othello came softly upon the scene, and stealthily approaching Desdemona, sang "Softly treading, silence keep," from Il Crociato in Egitto. I heard some one in the audience say, "Isn't that a different voice? He sings now like Bellini."

At the close of the air, Desdemona not awaking, he shook her roughly by the shoulder, and she, starting up in terror, falls at his feet, and clasping his knees, sings with many contortions of the body and and a profusion of trills, "Otello, oh! my beloved!" a travesty of the familiar air from Robert the Devil, during which Othello ejaculates at intervals, "The handkerchief! the handkerchief!" and retires from her the whole length of the stage, she following him upon her knees. At the close of the air he draws a pistol, with which he menaces her, and attempting to fire it off, it separates at the stock and barrel. He flings it from him and seizes a dagger, with which he offers to stab her, but his courage failing, throws that from him and smothers her with the cushions piled upon the floor. Finding, by removing the cushions, that life is not wholly extinct, he replaces the cushions over her face and coolly seats himself upon it, facing the audience with a fiendish grin. Then he gets up, looks at her again, and finding her to be really dead, falls into a paroxysm of grief, tearing his wool, wringing his hands, and finally falling on his knees beside the corpse, sings to the famous air of the prison song in Il Trovatore,

"Alas! that death, alas! that death should
tear thee from my arms,
And leave me thus forlorn.
No more to see thy smile, no more to hear
thy voice.
Ah! cruel, cruel death, to tear my love from
me!"

"Alas! there is no breath, no breath"—bending over the face as if to see if she breathed—"the heart hath ceased to beat"—feeling of the heart if there were any pulsation—"all, all alas! is still! No more to see thy smile," etc. In the last strains of this lamentation Emilia glides in, and kneeling by the corpse on the side opposite to Othello, weeps bitterly. Othello finishes his Jeremiad by weeping, in the air of the song, timing his sobs to the music, and beating his head against the floor. Exhausted by his emotion, he pauses for a moment, and then, springing to his feet, approaches Emilia, who slowly rises to leave, and holding out his arms, sings—

"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, will you, will you marry me?" To which Emilia responds, "Gentle, gentle Tommy Tompkins, I will marry thee." Then rushing into each others' arms, they sing together—

"Then we will married be.
Now that stone-dead is she,
Oh! won't that be bliss!
Come, give me a kiss."

The salute given, the orchestra plays a lively negro melody, and the mourners close the opera with a jovial break-down.

XXII.

(*Interpolated in Persephone's Narrative.*)

THE TALL OTHELLO.

The audience was decidedly enthusiastic, and when the actors had disappeared, recalled them with vehement applause. The curtains drew slowly aside, and Iago appeared, leading Emilia by the hand and acknowledging the plaudits with graceful action. Then came Desdemona, led by Othello—no, by *two* Othellos, each the copy of the other in dress and motion, but one of a much slighter figure, and much taller than his black brother. The applause died away, and there was a dead silence, during which the actors gazed at each other. The duplicate Othellos were immovable, but Iago's eyes looked as bright and penetrating as his dagger. Emilia glanced from one to the other with a puzzled expression, and Desdemona, her face half-concealed by her long hair, stood quietly between the colored Sosias, her hands in the clasp of each, without looking at or appearing to be conscious of the presence of either. Then a series of exclamations began to circle through the audience. "I told you there were *two!* Which came on first? The tall one. No, it was the short one. The *tall* one sang like Bellini. Who is he? Isn't it odd? Why don't they explain?" etc., etc. But they didn't explain. The two Othellos bowed, the curtains again closed, and the audience were left to their speculations.

Not so the actors. "Come, now, unmask," said Cecil's careless voice. "Of course it's Rupert."

"Who's Rupert?" asked Miss Cray, in her naive manner. "Was it Rupert who was so affectionate when we were singing Polly Hopkins?"

Iago looked up when she said this, and fixed his eyes on the tall Othello, who unfastened his mask with a gay laugh, and gave to view a flushed face, with sparkling eyes, and with rich blonde hair tumbling in picturesque confusion over a low Greek brow.

"Rupert always *did* like to surprise us," said Cecil.

"And I think I have succeeded," said Rupert. Then he turned to Ruth, whose face was very much flushed, and who was disentangling the strings of crushed pearls from her hair. "She doesn't look much like a corpse, does she?" said he, taking one of the tresses of her hair in his hand, and holding it with a lingering reverent touch.

"Not in the least," said Ruth, "and I mean to look still less so when dressed for the dance. If we don't hurry, the floor will be all taken." So saying, she danced out of the room, Miss Cray following with her usual majesty. Cecil followed Miss Cray, and stopped her just outside the door, to say something in a low voice.

"Not all," she responded.

"Why won't you give me all?"

"Because I hope Rupert will ask me to dance. What is his name?"

"*Mar-plot*," said Cecil, in a deep, constrained tone, so different from his usual voice that Miss Cray looked up at him with wide, surprised eyes. She knew nothing of the family failing, and Cecil in an instant was his gentle, courteous self. "He is Rupert Rupell. Is that prettier than Cecil Carmand?"

"I like it better. They are both alliterations," she added simply, and then she walked away.

Ferd and Rupert were playing the part of hosts, when Ruth, Miss Cray and Cecil went into the dancing-hall, which was the old portrait gallery, from the walls of which long lines of painted ancestors look down upon those heirs of their virtues and their failings, as well as of their transmitted wealth. It could be seen at a glance that Rupert was very popular, for he was surrounded by a great number of the young people, all quite enthusiastic over his unexpected return; but when he saw Ruth come in, he excused himself, and went down the hall to meet her, with so bright a face and so eager a step that several commented

upon it, and wondered if it were not "that beautiful Miss Cray." "A governess!" "Yes; but when governesses are so beautiful, and are treated as one of the family." "And there is no one to direct the young men's fancies now. *Any* one might entrap them now that poor dear Mrs. Rupell is gone," observed one matron, the owner of five ugly girls. No one thought of Ruth as the attraction—no one among the women—but the young men remarked among themselves that it was evident who would be the mistress of Thornhaugh should it fall to Rupert's share.

"The first dance?" She had promised the first dance to Ferd. Rupert was very much disappointed. The second—the third? Both promised. Rupert bowed low to conceal the tears which would rush to his eyes. Ruth saw the tears, and they gladdened her heart.

"Some one else besides myself is unhappy," she thought. She felt that she hated Rupert, because he felt as she would have had Cecil feel, and she gave her hand with a smile to Ferd, who advanced, all animation, to receive it.

Rupert's temperament was mercurial, whatever his heart might be, and leaving indignantly, he dashed the moisture from his eyes, and taking a turn or two in one of the many corridors branching off from the portrait gallery, he began to see a gleam of returning hope, and to become conscious of an accession of cheerfulness, and was returning to the gallery to seek another partner, when he caught sight of a small figure standing just outside the open door, contemplating the dancers with two large blue eyes, which gazed wistfully from a forlorn little face. His bounding step carried him in an instant to the side of the small figure, a hand on her shoulder, and the blue eyes glanced upward with a startled expression, a cry that pierced even through the strains of the gay dance-music, and the child was in Rupert's arms, clinging to his breast, her frame shaken with tearless sobs, which were not checked even by his soothing words and endearing tones, as he caressed her and called her his "dear little sea-nymph," his "darling Persephone."

"'Pale queen of shadows,' you are, indeed, lurking in this gloom, instead of being in there, where all is bright and gay. Were you waiting for 'gloomy Dis?'"

"I was waiting for you. I thought you had forgotten me."

"And would it not have served you right? Naughty girl, never to have written me!"

"You wrote to *her*."

"To whom?"

"Ruth. Oh! Rupert, I *hate* her."

"Hate—*Ruth?*"

"Yes; she isn't true. She's a liar—a serpent."

"Persephone?"

"She is. Oh! Rupert, don't love her. You will be sorry for it."

"Why, Persephone?"

"Don't put me away from you—for *her!* I shall die! I will kill myself!"

"Persephone! my dear little child!"

"Be kind to me, Rupert. No one loves me now *she* is gone. Ferd *did* love me, but now he loves Ruth."

"Ruth!"

"Yes; he had her in his arms, kissing her, yesterday—and she let him. What makes you so quiet, Rupert?"

"I am thinking."

"I am keeping you here. You want to go in and dance?"

"No; I don't—want—to—dance."

"I thought you were so gay."

"I was—once—but I am so no longer. Take me back with you, little queen, to the quiet shades where lost Eurydice wanders. I wonder if the strings of Orpheus's lyre broke when he lost her."

"Perhaps he found some one else."

"Perhaps he did. By my faith, you are a small philosopher, Persephone. We have spilled our milk, but there is cream to be had somewhere."

"We have a splendid cow."

"But no strawberries. Strawberries and roses come in June, Persephone, and it is winter now. The 'winter of our discontent' is bitter cold. I'll go in and warm myself by dancing. Come, my queen."

"I?"

"Yes. You will give me the first dance, won't you?"

"You!"

"I."

"May I dance?"

"Certainly. What have you on? A white dress. How you are grown, Persephone! And your feet and ankles are perfection. You have learned to dance?"

"Oh! yes."

"Come, then. We will show them who is the prettiest girl in the room."

Ruth had been dancing indefatigably, and yet she had found time to remark Rupert's absence, and to feel relieved by it. "It makes me ill to have him look at me so. If he *is* handsome, it is tiresome to be so adored, when one doesn't care for the adorer, and doesn't have to make any effort to secure the adoration."

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she saw Rupert whirling down the hall with Persephone. The child danced with wonderful grace and spirit, and looked so perfectly happy that Ruth, who was herself very fond of dancing, but did not seem to exhibit her wonted vivacity this evening, quite envied her. If he only consoles himself with that child! she thought, her lip curling a little.

The galop finished, the child leaned breathlessly against Rupert, who was fanning her as assiduously as he would have fanned an older beauty. "The next is a waltz," said Rupert; "will you dance that with me?"

"May I?"

"May *I?*"

"Oh! Rupert, how good you are!"

"Not as good as you think. It is a pleasure to dance with you."

"Dear Rupert!" The child took his hand between her two small palms, and stooping quickly, kissed it in a rapture of devotion.

"Oh! Persephone," said Rupert, blushing and smiling.

"I am so happy," sighed the child.

"But you shouldn't kiss a gentleman's hand in public."

"I don't care. You are my only friend, and I love you so, Rupert."

"I want you to love me all you can, Persephone, but I don't want people—well, to laugh at you." At this instant he had surprised a half-sarcastic smile on Cecil's lip, as he said to Miss Cray—

"Did you see that small episode?"

"What?"

"That little girl kissing Rupert's hand."

Miss Cray laughed and replied, "No; but I should like to do it myself."

There was such a very peculiar expression on Cecil's face that she hastened to explain:

"He has one of those beautiful faces one cannot help loving, and wishing to do something to show one's reverence for such *good* beauty."

"Yes," said Cecil. "'Tis as fair an *outside* as I have ever seen."

"Such a pure, lovely face!" said Miss Cray, and then she sighed.

Cecil bit his lip and resigned her without a word to a young man who came to ask her to dance.

"Rupert," said Ferd, in the interval between two dances, "do you know you have been dancing with that child all the evening?"

"What child? Oh! Persephone. Do you know, Ferd, I had quite reasoned myself into the belief that she is grown up, and have been quietly falling in love with her. She is *charming*."

"She is very pretty."

"Then she is so fond of *me*."

"I know it; but she isn't grown up, and you should not neglect those who are."

"Ferd, I am only ten years older than she is. Why couldn't I marry her, have her educated, and then take her home when her education is completed?"

"Marry her? Marry a child of ten years old!"

"They used to do it, you know? Think of King Edward and his twelve year old bride."

"But 'they' don't do it now. Educate the child—we will all unite in that—but don't think of marrying her until she is a woman."

"Very well, Ferd, who shall I dance with? I didn't think there was any who cared particularly."

"What a fellow you are, Rupert! I heard one lady say she should like to kiss your hand to show her reverence for your beautiful face."

"Ferd, that's a little too strong!"

"Fact, I assure you."

"Tell me who she is, that I may fall at her feet."

"Miss Cray."

"Really, I feel immensely flattered. She is lovely for that kind."

"That kind!"

"Yes; robust—red hair."

"Red!—the loveliest auburn."

"The hair for a painter. I have been privately making a note of it."

"*Ruth* is something your style, isn't she, Rupert?"

"Ruth is my style in everything. God bless you, old fellow," said Rupert, squeezing Ferd's hand and hurrying off.

"Percy must have told him," thought Ferd. "I'm glad he likes it."

Rupert, having sought out Miss Cray and found her to be engaged for the next five dances, was about to withdraw, having expressed his regret, when Miss Cray said: "I want to dance with you so much that I am going to beg my partner to release me in your favor." This was certainly very complimentary, and when said by two very red and charmingly pouting lips, and aided by the smiling glances of the soft brown eyes, Rupert could not help looking with some complacency upon the beautiful face, whose owner avowed such a decided preference for himself. Her promised partner proved complaisant, and Rupert looked by no means unhappy as he circled down the hall, his arm resting on the round waist, his shoulder and hand hidden in the silken, redundant hair of the very fair woman who had wished to kiss him for his beautiful face. Her naive remarks amused him, and the simplicity that contrasted so strongly with her magnificent person surprised and pleased him. It was like seeing a queen condescending to play the part of a charming woman. At the close of the dance he expressed himself so sorry for its brevity, that she told him she had disengaged herself for the next dance, in the hope that he might wish it. "I really am delighted," said Rupert. "I feel as if you were an old friend, and I always prefer my old friends to any new ones, so I was regretting that I should probably have to ask some of the new faces I see here this evening."

"Thank you for liking me," said Miss Cray.

"Who could help it!" said Rupert, honestly, and not with any intention.

"The first time I saw you I knew I should like *you*. You are like my brother—much like him when he was alive, but more I think as he must look now he is in Heaven."

The faltering tones of the soft voice, the innocent, unintentional compliment, touched Rupert. "I hope you will think of me as a brother," he said, "in anything I can do for your aid or pleasure." She was certainly very beautiful—not the lithe, dark beauty that was Rupert's favorite type—but still, a most exquisite piece of flesh and blood, and also, she admired him most unaffectedly, and with a certain air of tenderness inspired by the resemblance to her dead brother.

"I shall sit by you until your partner comes," said Rupert, as he led Miss Cray to her seat. Their conversation must have been very interesting, for the band began to play, the dancers flew before them, and all seemed unheeded by both—perhaps, because their seat was behind a screen of greenhouse plants, thick with shining, wax-like leaves.

"There is Ferd beckoning me!" said Rupert, "excuse me for a moment."

"Rupert, this is worse than before," said Ferd. "People are beginning to *talk*."

"About what?"

"Your devotion to the governess."

"Let them talk," said Rupert, turning on his heel.

"But, my dear fellow! two dances in succession was enough attention to show her, without *sitting through three*."

"What *are* you talking about?" asked Rupert impatiently.

"What were *you* talking about in that corner, to let those three jolly dances go?" said Ferd, half-laughing, half-earnestly.

"Have I sat through three?"

"You most certainly have."

"How tempus *does* fugit in the society of a pretty woman!"

"If you only had been entirely out of sight—but the end of her train peeped around that screen, and the dowagers have been peeping behind it."

"Much good may it do them."

"It may do the young lady harm."

"If it does her any harm, I'll make it up to her."

"Rupert! two in two hours!"

"Pooh! a child! By the way, where *is* Persephone?"

"I left her with Aunt Julia. I have been dancing with her."

"You're a good fellow, Ferd! I must make my excuses to Miss Cray, and then I'll begin to behave. She is such an innocent creature."

"A little too innocent I'm afraid to care for appearances."

"Give me a woman who isn't always thinking of appearances."

"It *is* nice to have a pretty woman in love with one, but let her show her preference in private."

"No one is in love with any one, as I am aware of, outside yourself and Ruth. She is coming out from behind the screen! I wonder where those partners of hers have been."

"I presume they thought the field already taken." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 4, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 3 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW NOVELET BY MRS. WOOD.

We have just received a letter from Mrs. Henry Wood, announcing that she is now engaged in writing a Novelet for next year, to be called

BESSY RANE.

By the author of "East Lynne," &c.

Our list of promised Novelets for next year is rich almost beyond precedent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA; or, Observations on the Soil, Climate, and Products of our Semi-Tropical State; with Sketches of the Principal Towns and Cities in Eastern Florida. To which is added a Brief Historical Summary, together with Hints to the Tourist, Invalid, and Sportsman. By LEDYARD BILL. Illustrated. Published by Wood & Holbrook, Laight St., New York. This title conveys so full an account of the contents of the book, that it is almost superfluous to add anything. We think it would be very well for any one intending to visit Florida in pursuit of health or pleasure, to consult this record of Mr. Bill's experience.

DOWN THE RHINE; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN GERMANY. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

WIVES AND WIDOWS; OR, THE BROKEN LIVE. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Ruby Gray's Strategy," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD OF HEBREW TRADITION. By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, No. 8. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. Price 50 cents.

MEN'S WIVES. By W. M. THACKERAY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. Price 50 cents.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS, comprising 274 Receipts for Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, &c. By A. L. O. M. Published by Duffield Ashmead, 724 Chestnut street, Philada.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Oliver Optic's Weekly Magazine. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

☞ The pupils of Miss Mary Hovey, who fills the horticultural chair in the Kansas Agricultural College, will perhaps be known as Hovey's seedlings.—*Exchange Paper.*

Vineland, by a Disinterested Visitor.

[So much has been said one way and the other about Vineland, that we give the following account of the place by the editor of "The Horticulturist." On the other hand, we have heard from a gentleman who seemed to us very reliable, a much more favorable account of the place.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

During the late session of the American Pomological Society at Philadelphia, the editor of The Horticulturist visited Vineland and attended both of its Fairs. He travelled over the whole section, unaccompanied by agents or interested parties, and gives his impressions of the land, the people and the condition and prospects of the settlement. Having read the journals published there, as well as the extravagant recommendations of the New York Farmers' Club, he says, "We were disappointed in the reality." A leading member of that Club, Mr. Sereno Edwards Todd, in his book "Country Homes and How to Save Money," says of these Jersey lands:—

"For purposes of fruit culture and market gardening, these lands are not inferior to the oldest and richest parts of the state. * * * At twenty-five dollars for the bare land, and twenty-five for manure, one can become the owner of a soil which will yield a hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes, two hundred of tomatoes, and from a ton to a ton and a half of clover." * * * "These Jersey lands are rough diamonds, possessing an immense hidden value, which the hand of patient industry and vigorous enterprise is rapidly developing. Despite the scoffs and jeers of those who are entirely unacquainted with their true character and worth, before a fourth of another century has elapsed, these lands will certainly become as profitable to their owners as the choicest heavy clay loam farms of Pennsylvania, or the fertile prairies of the great West," &c., &c.

Such is a specimen of the "blowing" by which emigration has been secured to portions of these pine plains. In his remarks upon the soil, and the condition of the new settlers, Mr. Williams, the editor of The Horticulturist, is evidently very cautious, and has probably said nothing which the facts in the case do not fully justify. We copy a few of his remarks, which are confined to Vineland:—

There are but two good streets that seem an approximation to the idea of village beauty. Upon these two are some very neat cottages and a few even elegant mansions. But at a distance of a mile or two from the centre, we find the residences scattered in the midst of wild land, grown up with oak, brambis, or bushes, and only partially cleared. In conversation with the people here and there, we are surprised to find a general spirit of discontent and a feeling of uncertainty for the future. We were prepared to hear both sides of the question, enthusiasm and doleful complaints of distress. We find the latter spirit stronger than the former. A majority of those who have attempted the improvement of their lands have found them not so cheap after all, and by the time the soil is in a tillable condition, well manured, it has cost as much as good strong land can be bought for anywhere else, namely, $100 per acre, and there are very few but would be glad to sell out and realize original cost. Upon that famous tract of land, fifteen miles square, we are credibly informed there are to-day 700 farms for sale, and the three or more newspapers of Vineland, with their columns full of "desirable places" for sale, only confirm the truth of the assertion. Let any one curious to learn the inner history of Vineland take up one of their papers, and look at the two-column list of properties attached by the sheriff for failure to pay taxes, (some as low as $3;) then select any one of the delinquents, go and converse with him, and the searcher after truth will find genuine sorrow and poverty.

Thousands have gone there expecting to realize handsome returns in the produce of their strawberry-beds, and have concentrated all their capital and labor upon their cultivation, only to find it a treacherous dependence, and to meet with almost irrecoverable losses and utter dejectment. Their experience demonstrates that the culture of small fruits in Vineland is not a success. One gentleman, who lived in Vineland three years, and was fortunate in selling out and returning home to his native town in New England, said in a merry kind of a way, "The first year we sold nothing; the second year we sold enough to pay for our berry-baskets; the third year, we sold the farm." Another pitiable case came to our notice, where the disappointment in the returns of last year and this year were so great that, being unable to sell the farm, the family also unable to get adequate support, the wife with her child was obliged to return to her friends in New England to live among them and obtain the comforts of a home, while the husband is working to-day as a day laborer at any jobs he can procure.

The character of the soil and its natural fertility have been too greatly exaggerated. There is no doubt that the soil has a certain kind of fertility which is capable of growing some crops without much attention. But it has no *permanent* fertility, and it is the most expensive of all lands to keep in highest producing condition. The soil is of a gravelly, sandy loam, very leachy, very porous, and utterly without *vegetable mould*. Strawberries cannot be successfully grown for any series of years upon any land deficient in vegetable matter. The major part of the strawberry plants are grown upon the clear soil, which, reflecting the sun, burns the berries, and, as many dealers can testify, on arrival in market the fruit has turned black, or begun to wither and rot. The fruit is fairly scalded. It is also gritty, being allowed to hang over and touch the sand or earth. The prejudice of the city dealers against Vineland fruit seems to be very deeply seated. Irregularity of trains and high prices of freight have operated also unfavorably. Hundreds of acres devoted to strawberries have been ploughed up, and the lands are either lying idle now or devoted to some other purpose.

Mr. Williams says that raspberries and blackberries succeed no better than strawberries. He is happy, however, to acknowledge that grape growing has been more successful. Grapes, he says, have proved the most sure and remunerative of the fruits yet cultivated. Pear trees while young have done well, but they do not bear the prospect of living to a good old age. He saw numerous instances of trees seven or eight years of age turning yellow and dying off rapidly. He fears the soil has not sufficient fertility for successful pear growing. Cherries and vegetables have not been found profitable. Mr. W. closes his remarks with the following paragraph:—

In leaving Vineland, we hope for better things. With a *good soil*, it would have proved a monument of energy. It may yet prove a brilliant success. We do not judge it harshly, but report facts as they are. As a beautiful place of *residence*, it can be recommended safely to all who desire to escape from the chilling winds and tedious snows of more rigorous latitudes. Its real excellence is its climate, not its soil.

Cruelty in Cattle Pens.

We find the following in the *Boston True Flag*, credited to the *Cambridge Press:*

"*Mr. Editor:*—Some ten months since, I spent three weeks in West Philadelphia, and visited several times the numerous drove-yards there located, and witnessed the excessively cruel treatment that cattle pass through while sojourning there. Two, and sometimes three days previous to the expected sale of the cattle, they are placed in huge pens entirely destitute of water.—Around the sides of these enclosures, in continuous piles, are large quantities of meal and salt, nearly as much salt as meal mixed together. The animals becoming hungry lap and eat up the above mixture, and continue so to do from hour to hour during the time above specified. On the morning of the sale, while in a feverish condition, suffering intensely in many instances for the want of water, their intestinal canal filled to repletion with salt and meal, the mucuous membrane throughout nearly the entire length of the alimentary canal in a state of inflammation, they are driven into a yard with an abundance of water, and there allowed to drink until the intestines are superabundantly filled with this element. In this distressed, unnatural, unhealthy condition they are sold by weight to the butchers. The result of the above treatment to the animal and to the consumers of the beef, in its various details, no one has fathomed.

"Surely we must know that, in the first place, it is wicked and cruel in the extreme, and in the second place, beyond a peradventure it diseases the animals, and undoubtedly sometimes poisons and impregnates with humors, &c., those who eat the beef of such abused creatures. There is no secrecy in the above wickedness; any one can visit the yards and see for himself, and I wondered again and again, when witnessing this iniquity, and conversing with the owners of the cattle, why a legislative enactment had not long ago put a stop to this nefarious proceeding. CHARLES A. GREENE, M. D."

New Uses for Paper.

A new branch of industry has just been introduced. We have for some time been familiar with various novel applications of paper. But now the uses of paper are very much extended by a patent process by M. Pavy. The paper made by this process is of a peculiar kind. It very much resembles that used by the Japanese for pocket handkerchiefs, and is susceptible of the same application. The patentee calls it "felted," and to a certain extent the term is appropriate. Both animal and vegetable materials are employed in its production. Among the vegetables we find some hitherto much employed in the manufacture of paper—New Zealand flax, jute, plants of the mallow, and the ordinary fibres, flax, hemp and cotton. The animal matters used are wool, silk, skins, and other materials, which is certainly a novelty in paper making. These various matters are reduced to pulp and bleached, and then "felted" in appropriate machinery, which is, no doubt, the same as is used in ordinary paper making. It will be easily understood that the mixture of such materials as we have named gives a paper of extraordinary pliancy, flexibility, and strength. It can, indeed, be sewn together with as much ease, and makes as strong a seam as the woven fabrics it is intended to replace. The uses to which this paper can be put are innumerable. We may mention a few of the articles we have seen. First, petticoats, which no girl of the period could resist. These may be printed exactly like the skirts now so fashionable, or they may be white, and have open work stamped out in patterns, which scarcely any amount of labor with scissors and needle could imitate. The marvel is, that they can be sold retail for sixpence each. We have next, bed furniture, of imitation cretonnes and chintzes. These are printed with patterns of great beauty—and a set of curtains will only cost five shillings. We have also quilts which besides being nonconductors of heat have a very genteel appearance. White day-covers for beds are made with embossed patterns and equally cheap. White table-cloths, stamped with patterns with remarkably good taste, will, we are sure, soon ornament many a dinner-table, and serve to light the fires the day after the party, unless the host be of an economical turn and re-sell them to the paper maker. But the material is also applied to articles of a more substantial character. Very good imitation leather is formed of it, and furniture covering, and even shoes, may be made. The last can be made impermeable to wet by the introduction of oils and india rubber. We have said enough to show that a material is produced which will probably have considerable influence on some of our staple industries. Paper collars, it may well be supposed, have already had a sensible influence on the linen trade, and the further extensive substitution of paper for woven fabrics must produce still greater changes.—*English Paper.*

☞ Albert D. Richardson, connected with the New York Tribune, was shot in the office of that paper last week, by a lawyer named McFarland. Richardson was dangerously wounded. Mrs. McFarland has, for some years past, been separated from her husband, and is said to have been divorced recently, with the intention of marrying Richardson. The latter is the gentleman who made a name by his war-correspondence.

☞ Professor Loomis, of Yale College, regards the earth as a very unsafe place to stay on any longer, from the fact that the late volcanic manifestations have been so general in their character. What he is going to do about it, we are not informed.

☞ A special despatch from Chicago announces the arrival at that place of Vincent Colyer, from Sitka, in twenty-three days. He reports that the Alaska Indians, numbering over seventy thousand, are superior to other tribes. They live in villages of well-constructed houses, possess cattle, and raise grain to some extent. They are very peaceable and especially partial to Americans. He considers the Alaska purchase very judicious.

☞ Extract from the last French novel: "The Countess fell back in a deadly swoon. When she revived, her spirit had fled."

☞ Ex-Minister Harvey (to Portugal) whose salary Congress stopped, has received back pay to the amount of $21,000, gold.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Chinese Theatre.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, }
November 12, 1869. }

A lovely rose was brought me from the garden this morning. I have it near me while I write—a pink, budding rose, all sparkling with pearly rain-drops. It seems strange indeed after the cold stormy weather of the past two days, that roses should still bloom without-doors; yet as I looked from the window awhile ago, I noticed that still others were left upon the stem to lend some brightness to these "melancholy days." For that they, "the saddest of the year" had come, I felt thoroughly convinced yesterday. Oh, how piteously it did rain all day! It and the day before were our very first reminders of coming winter—the previous rains I told of in my last, had no touch of wintry cold. This morning, however, the sun rose resplendent—and now, although clouds have again hidden its radiance from our view, the cold is dispelled, the air once more balmy, and it seems to me now not improbable that it may be yet some time before the "last rose of summer" need be sought hereabouts.

But as I intimated in my last letter, I now purpose describing my visit to the Chinese Theatre, "New Idea" by name. The building is situated in the midst of the China-town of San Francisco, a portion of the city inhabited exclusively by the "children of the Flowery Land." Thither one evening in September I bent my footsteps in quest of amusement and enlightenment. My escort had procured for my especial accommodation a private box, and to it we repaired after handing our tickets to the door-keeper, up a rickety flight of stairs, then along a narrow, dimly-lighted passage-way. Before proceeding further, allow me to beg of my readers always to "do likewise" regarding the private box, wherefor they will learn, if ever the opportunity present itself to them, of visiting the—"New Idea."

Seated in our straight-backed wooden chairs, which was all of luxury our box afforded, we found we had ample time to view the decorations of the stage before the play began. There was no curtain to debar us from the privilege. It was an elevated stage, such as we are accustomed to seeing in our theatres, with footlights not unlike our own in front. No attempt at illusive scenery in the background, merely a smooth wall broken by two ordinary-sized, now closed doors, otherwise covered with Chinese writing and paintings. The former, doubtless, quotations from their great writers; the latter, probably illustrative of the same, or representing, perchance, prominent dramatic scenes. No further word of comment is needful, the startling colors and singular lack of perspective which characterise Chinese paintings, are too well known.

Between the two doors, a little out from the wall, stood a table hung around with a cloth highly decorated, and behind this table were seated the half dozen musicians composing the orchestra. The music they soon began "discoursing so eloquently" upon their barbarous instruments, prominent amongst which was the gong, was indescribable. A confused din, growing ever louder, harsher, and more grating, until amid the confusion of discordant sounds even the rising impulse to thrust one's fingers into one's ears was deadened.

Presently the door to the left was thrown open, and an infuriated man, advanced somewhat in years, rushed wildly forward to the footlights, dragging after him a young man with downcast eyes and terrified mien. Raising his voice to a lofty pitch the elder man proceeded to berate the younger after a startling fashion, while the din of the orchestra mingled with his voice, growing louder and more discordant, until the stormy voice itself was well nigh drowned. When finally he turned and strode away through the second door, the young man in his turn, lifted up his voice, and wailed forth his sad lament to the audience. While he spoke his voice rose and fell with a swaying cadence which was strictly followed by the orchestra.

Meanwhile the first door was again opened, carefully and cautiously this time, and there entered a tall, slender damsel, with fluttering garments all bespangled and embroidered with curious devices. The sleeves of her robe were of that style once worn by our ladies, and termed "angel's sleeves," and they fell back, displaying to full advantage, arms laden with bracelets, and long, bony hands, and still longer, more bony fingers covered with rings. Her cheeks were painted up to the very eyes, the almond-shaped eyes, which were painted around and about with dark lines, calculated to even heighten the effect of the natural shape.

Stealing forward upon tip-toe, she stood hearkening unto the voice of the youth, and an expression of rapturous ecstacy stole over her face. Presently the youth became cognizant of her presence, and ceasing his lament, he, too, seemed overwhelmed with a sudden access of rapture. The damsel interlaced her bony fingers and toyed with her rings. The youth convulsively clutched his heart; and after a series of dives at one another, they finally lodged in each other's arms. At this juncture the wrathful individual, now unmistakably recognizable as the father of the damsel, reap, eared, and rushing frantically forward with outstretched sword, savagely parted the two. Plump down upon her knees the damsel dropped, wringing her hands in anguish, and as expressive of her highest despair unloosened her heavy coils of black hair, gave her head a dexterous twirl that set the luxuriant mass upon end, in form resembling a horse's tail, and whirled it round and round in the air until the brain of the beholder grew dizzy at the sight.

Unmoved by her superhuman efforts, the paternal tyrant tore himself free from the hands that clutched his feet, and sword in hand set upon the youth, who had patiently been awaiting the attack. Chasing him out one door and in the other, backwards and forwards several times across the stage, the father finally appeared alone, the youth having succeeded in escaping his bloodthirsty attack. Now a servant was summoned, and after receiving sundry orders from his master departed, soon to return, ushering in a second youth. The new-comer was older and evidently intended to be considered less interesting than youth No. 1, but his costume indicated more regal state. He was received most warmly by the father, and presented with much ceremony to the daughter, who only again dropped upon her knees before her father, whirled her hair and wrung her hands. Then so soon as the two men had become engaged in conversation, she stole from the scene.

And now a new individual appears and joins the two men. Soon he proves himself to be a magician, and by his assurances of power evidently fills the breasts of his hearers with new hopes. The father and magician presently go off together, and finally the latter returns, bringing with him the love-lorn damsel. Unmistakable signs of aversion are displayed by her at sight of the suitor she fails to admire, but the magician knows how to deal with her, and before long manages to get her completely under his control. He approaches the table which has meanwhile been converted into a shrine for a most comical representation of one of Josh's auxiliaries, and after repeated prostrations he possesses himself of a lamp whose oil and dim flame seem to be sanctified. With this lamp in hand he proceeds to make a circuit about the maiden, drawing nearer and nearer to her in ever narrower circles. Soon he has her in a sufficient state of docility to bid her herself hold the lamp. Then when he has it safely in her hand, he unloosens the girdle that secures the upper garment about his waist, and as he stretches out his arms it floats about him after such a fashion as to produce the effect of wings. With varied contortions of the body he swoops around her, now the right, now the left arm raised aloft. His eye is fixed firmly upon hers, his face constantly working with manifold demoniac gesticulations.

Meanwhile the damsel seems to yield more and more to the effect of the enchantment, her despair gradually gives place to an increasingly complaisant mood, until finally further efforts become needless. Then the magician proceeds to perform similar gyrations about the youth, until he has so transformed his nature as to make him charming in the maiden's eyes. The two whom an enraged father had failed to bring together, now join hands and regard each other with a sort of dreamy satisfaction. The magician in his joy makes a violent leap upon a table which has meanwhile been balanced upon the back of two chairs, and here he turns sommersault after sommersault in the excess of his delight. He performs numerous other gymnastic feats after flinging back his upper garment and baring his body to the waist, such as standing upon his head, casting himself upon his back upon the table and throwing his body backwards, until finally his head touches the ground, and various other startling feats. Finally he crowns his performances by casting a rope of human hair, which has been meanwhile brought him, first about the maiden's waist, and drawing her up to where he stands, then about the youth's with the same result. Having once succeeded in elevating them to his own platform, he tosses them around regardlessly, then flings them to the ground, only to again repeat the same curious feat. At last, when all parties are thoroughly exhausted, they join hands, drag one another out one door and in another, till out of breath they finally retire from our astonished gaze.

Youth No. 1 having become aware that the damsel he loves has been placed under such a spell that another than himself has found favor in her eyes, is roused from his sentimentality to a fiery and warlike state. With outstretched sword himself this time, he seeks out the father, and the two meet before our eyes, slash at each other with their swords, fall upon the ground, turn sommersaults, and prove themselves altogether in moods of maddened fury. At last, finding he cannot conquer alone, the youth manages to escape, a new purpose kindling in his eyes.

A long pause ensues, then armed hosts rush upon the scene, there is a clash of armor, unmistakable signs of a deadly collision. The most distinguished of the warriors of one party were arrayed in curious and unwieldy garb, and standing out in bold relief from their shoulders was a curious combination of bristles, feathers and flags. Their heads were surmounted by heavy helmets, diadems and crowns, according to rank. Their faces were painted to represent various motley masks, the most favorite of which seemed to be that imitative of an owl's face. The opposite party was composed largely of bands of boy archers, gracefully draped with scarfs about the upper part of the body, leaving one arm and shoulder exposed.

Certain of these lads made an onset upon those of the owl visage, and so much lither and more dexterous were the former, that they conquered and chased numbers of their unwieldy adversaries from the stage. Those of both parties who were left seemed to determine upon settling matters by engaging in turn in single combat. One mode of attack was for a lad to make a flying leap across the stage, landing upright upon the back of a chair which stood in the midst. From this point another leap would be made into the air, half a dozen figures cut there, bringing the aggressor down after such a fashion that his sandelled heels lodged against the breast of the opponent, sending both with violence to the ground. Several sommersaults and whirligigs would terminate in lauding both parties upon their feet, and the exploit would be performed over and over again with astonishing rapidity. Finally after this single combat had been participated in by several of the opposing parties, a feminity clad like the unwieldy ones, with her face painted over with many-colored crescents and other curious devices, in her turn made a flying leap into the air, bringing down upon the table which had previously served for an altar. From this eminence she proceeded to address those of the contending parties who yet remained upon the stage. She was undoubtedly an appointed umpire, and after hearkening reverentially unto her address the remaining combatants quietly dispersed, and the theatre was done for the night.

In thus describing what I saw I merely give certain chapters of the romance or play, all of which is not only rarely performed upon the same night, but often indeed requires several months for complete representation. A more laughably absurd theatrical performance I could never have conceived of, it seemed altogether like ludicrous child's play, and yet doubtless if interpreted would admit of an explanation, bringing to light more than appeared upon the surface of many an incongruous scene. It was quite entertaining to observe the total absence of respectful decorum maintained by the members of the small-sized but noisy orchestra. They sat with their hats slouched over their brows, smoking their cigarettes, and they tumbled on and off the stage at will when they were not required to lend their part to the performance. It was seldom, however, that some of them were not needed to sustain the voices of the performers, who delivered their parts mostly in a chanting tone when they did not altogether break forth into song.

So much for my visit to the Chinese theatre. That is all for the present—more anon.

AUBEN FORESTIER.

☞ A reckless Canadian has been fined $5 for slander in calling his neighbor an alderman.

☞ The rumors that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln is engaged to be married to a German nobleman, and the reflections upon her in some of the papers, are as cruel as they are unfounded. Mrs. Lincoln is living in great retirement at Frankfort, goes into no society, and rarely sees any visitors. Americans now in Washington, lately returned from Germany, speak of her with great respect.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The Athenæum recently objected to an author saying that "Lady Flora took her saddle with the grace of a duchess," on the ground that a duchess is not always a representative of grace, for "there is one Duchess of St. Albans who weighed sixteen stone (224 lbs.,) and a Duchess of Northumberland so fat that as soon as she sat down she fell asleep."

☞ Gold, at the New York Gold-room, on the 26th, opened at 124½, and closed at 124¾—the lowest point touched since the end of the war. The policy of the Government and the condition of the foreign exchanges are steadily depressing the price of gold—or, more correctly, elevating the value of the greenback.

☞ There is an old maid in Westminister, Mass., 78 years old, blind and deaf, who prides herself on having refused forty offers of marriage.

☞ A young man and his intended presented themselves before the city clerk of Davenport, Iowa, the other day for a marriage license. It was found that the intending bridegroom was under age, and had neither parents nor guardian. In order to make the proceedings regular, the lady suggested that she herself should be appointed guardian. As she was over eighteen she was eligible, was duly appointed as guardian, and then gave her consent that her ward should marry herself.

☞ An old gentleman died in Canterbury, Conn., the other day at the age of 75, and was buried in a suit of clothes which he procured when a young man, and had worn constantly as a Sunday suit for more than half a century. He had been married four times, and on each occasion wore the same suit.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS FOR ALL can be found at Parker & Co.'s, 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass. To enable every person to provide themselves with handsome and useful holiday presents, from now until the 20th of January, 1870, these gentlemen will issue large eight-paged catalogues of all the newest and best novelties in such goods as Fancy Boxes, Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco, Gilt and Velvet Bindings, real Morocco Shopping Bags, Furnished Reticules, Silver Plated Ware and Cutlery of all descriptions, the latest styles of Jewelry in Gold, Cornelian, Jet, Steel, Etruscan, Carbuncle and Hair, Dry Goods, &c., &c., &c., and hundreds of the latest and best published books. They are giving ONE HUNDRED TICKETS to *every one* who will become their agent, without charging them 10 cents each as heretofore. Read the change in their advertisement in another column, and send for catalogue.

☞ The pupils of one of the great educational institutions of Marais, France, recently, being at variance with the masters, retired to the sleeping rooms, where they barricaded themselves without food for two days and nights. The "Marseillaise" was loudly sung in defiance, but famine ultimately obliged the belligerents to capitulate.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 24 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ THE COURSE OF THE NILE.—It appears that ancient maps of Africa contain the great lakes about which there has been so much talk of late years, as new discoveries, with the Nile flowing from them. There is one in the Doge's palace at Venice which has these lakes on it, and the course of the Nile.

Interesting to Ladies.

I have had in constant use in my family for the past *ten years* a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have made on it the clothing of my children, besides doing the general sewing of a household. Its simplicity and durability, and the beautiful, strong, elastic stitch, which never breaks in washing, and stands until the material itself is worn out, besides the large range of ornamental embroidery, place it far ahead of any other machine for general household work.—*Mrs. J. Wade, 269 Ontario St., Chicago.*

☞ Le Figaro says of Sainte Beuve that few people ever wore mourning so often as he did. He made an ideal of the character and future of his famous contemporaries, which was seldom realized. When he perceived that he must renounce his chimera he put crape on his hat, and simply said, "Such an one is dead, and I am wearing mourning for him." Thus he mourned for Lamartine, Lamennais, Victor Hugo, Bulwer, Chateaubriand, and Berauger.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, compared with all other ointments or salves, is as gold is to the common metals. Others may sometimes cure, but this ointment never fails. Old sores and ulcers disappear in a few days under its healing influence.

☞ At the marriage of Bishop Simpson's daughter to Col. J. R. Weaver, in Philadelphia, President Grant presented the Colonel with a commission, bearing the seal of the National Executive, accrediting him United States Consul to Brindisi, Italy, with a salary of $1,500 a year, and no duty to perform.

Sudden changes of weather are productive of throat diseases, coughs, colds, &c. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found, than in the timely use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*." They possess real merit, and have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, having received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

☞ Gilbert Whipple, of Sheffield, Lorain County, O., while examining a head of wheat, a short time since, shelled out the grain and tossed it into his mouth. One of the kernels was not divested of its shell and beard, and the beard soon reached the throat, where it lodged, and no effort could remove it. It soon became very troublesome and painful. Swelling followed, succeeded by suppuration, but still the beard was not carried off. A second swelling and breaking failed to bring relief. It is difficult for the sufferer to take necessary food, and his case is said to be both painful and alarming.

MISS NELLIE LANSING, described as a pretty girl and graceful skater, has just been married to Mr. H. C. Crane, of Philadelphia. The engagement-ring cost $2,500. On its inside is the customary Romeo and Juliet inscription set in small diamonds. Among the wedding-cards was one bearing the inscription, "No presents will be received." "How were they dressed?" Well, the bride's toilette was of white uncut velvet, the material being of the most costly quality. The skirt and train, also the low-cut corsage, were most elaborately trimmed with point lace, and the dress throughout was lined with white satin quilted. Large pearl beads encircled the neck of the bride, and ornaments of pearl were suspended from her ears and clasped her wrists. The bridegroom was attired in the English costume. He wore a Prince Arthur coat, light trowsers, high Oxford collar, blue Lord Stanley scarf, and lilac kid gloves. A moss rose-bud enjoyed a position in a button-hole in the left breast of his coat, and in his hand he held a cane and an opera "crush" hat. The bridemaids wore white puffed tulle, and their escorts costumes similar to that of the bridegroom.

H. H. H.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ There is a public library in Chicago which contains but one popular work. It is entitled, "How to obtain a divorce." The institution has fifty thousand copies of it, but the shelves are always empty.—*Prentice.*

THE UNIVERSAL CRY, "What shall I buy for Holiday Presents" can be answered best by PARKER & Co., 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, who have an immense variety of holiday and useful articles, such as all kinds of Fancy Boxes, Writing Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco and Gilt and Velvet bindings, real Morocco Shopping Bags, Furnished Reticules, Silver Plated Ware, and Cutlery of all descriptions, Jewelry imitations of the latest styles of solid gold, which cannot be distinguished from the real, &c., &c., and hundreds of the latest and most entertaining books. Their stock contains almost everything necessary to supply the wants and gratify the tastes of everybody, and they claim that their superior facilities for buying these goods enables them to sell at very much under the regular prices paid for such articles. They want agents everywhere, to whom they offer most liberal inducements. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.

☞ At a hotel in Sonoma, California, recently, one William Hurd, who was drunk, said to William Hudson, his friend, also drunk, with whom he had never quarreled: "I wish you would cut my throat, or my head off." Hudson replied: "All right; I can do it for you in a few minutes." Soon after Hudson borrowed a knife, returned where Hurd was sitting, and inflicted a severe wound in his neck, causing almost instant death. Hudson was arrested for thus accommodating his friend.

"Who Would Suffer?"

It is now 22 years since Dr. Tobias first introduced the "*Venetian Liniment*" in the United States, and never in a single instance has his medicine failed to do all, if not more than is stated in his pamphlet. As an external remedy in cases of chronic rheumatism, headache, toothache, bruises, burns, cuts, sores, swellings, sprains, stings of insects and pains in limbs, back and chest, its wonderful curative powers are miraculous. Taken internally for the cure of cholera, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, sick headache and vomiting, its soothing and penetrating qualities are felt as soon as taken. The oath with which each bottle is accompanied will show that there is nothing injurious in its composition. Thousands of certificates have been received speaking of the rare virtues of this valuable article. Any person after having used it once will never be without it. Every bottle of the genuine has the signature of "S. I. Tobias" on the outside wrapper.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. dec4-4t

☞ Brigham Young says there are three preachers in America he wants to hear preach in his tabernacle—Chapin, Collyer and Beecher.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mormonism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

Chinese "Help" in the Kitchen.

[The following testimony indicates light on the "help" question; but what are the women to do when they are pushed out of their present chief employment, by those encroaching tyrants, men?]

I have now for many months employed the Chinese as house servants. I would not now go back on the old style of domestic service for any consideration. The new servants do their work nimbly and noiselessly. The quiet of the kitchen department is very noticeable. Its increased economy is equally a matter of surprise and joy. All mysterious leaks seem somehow to be stopped. Sugars and teas, and spices, and butter, and lard, and all the small household stores "go farther" than once. All "odds and ends" are saved. Roasted joints, and half turkeys, come back upon the table as they were dismissed the day before, only garnished anew, and made presentable. There is no demand for evenings out, or half days for private sewing and mending. There is no "answering back"—only a cheerful "all right." There is no complaint of large washings, or festal cookery, or irregular meals. There is no entertaining of company, "making high life below stairs." Though many of these servants have but few words of English, it is easy to make them understand. Once shown how to do a thing whose method is novel to them, they never forget. Their ingenuity in the variation of table dishes is quite surprising and gratifying. Their patient steadiness and good temper under all their tasks, and their strict fidelity to their employer's interests, make "housekeeping" a strange luxury. And on the other side, there is scarcely one disadvantage to be urged as an offset to this manifold gain.—*Dr. A. L. Stone, in the Congregationalist.*

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1870, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec4-4t

WATER-PROOF GOODS.—Probably few of our readers know how water-proof goods are made, or rather how the goods are made water-proof. The process, briefly described, is as follows:—The cloth is first submitted to the action of moderately strong sulphuric acid, the time of such action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing follows, and when dried the material is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into a glutinous material, the gum filling up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the passage of water.

Just Out.

"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

RUSHTON & Co.,
oct23-3m 10 Astor House, New York.

☞ In a steep rock, six miles south of Dubuque, Iowa, an eccentric Englishman has excavated a dwelling. It has three rooms with seats, couches, fire-places, flues, and all the conveniences carved in the living rock. The occupant spends his time in studying botany and entomology. His museum occupies one room.

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of Nov., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. PHILIP S. REEVES to Miss REBECCA P. ROBINSON, both of Allowaystown, N. J.

On the 23d of Nov., by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. HENRY N. GAY, of this city, to Miss AMELIA L. SUTTON, of Cape May.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM LAMMEY to Miss MARY A. RIDDLE, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters Mr. JAMES H. MORRISON, of this city, to Miss HANNAH L. SAILER, daughter of Wm. Sailer, Esq., of Mount Holly.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. FRANKLIN L. KELLNER to Miss SALLIE HALL, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. J. W. Clarton, WILLIAM COX to IDA M. ALBURGER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29d of Nov., Mrs. MARY P., wife of AARON W. FISH, in her 50th year.

On the 22d of Nov., WILLIAM TUSTIN, in his 39th year.

On the 23d of Nov., PETER WILKINSON, in his 49th year.

On the 21st of Nov., ROSE A. PARKER, aged 22 years.

On the 21st of Nov., ANDREW LOUDEN, aged 61 years.

On the 21st of Nov., HENRY M. SMITH, aged 24 years.

On the 20th of Nov., Mr. JOHN KNEELER, aged 60 years.

On the 19th of Nov., LEMUEL PAYNTER, aged 57 years.

On the 18th of Nov., WILLIAM H. YATES, aged 50 years.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the ease of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

THE WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my desk, George;
Before me on the floor
There lies a worn-out font of type,
Full twenty thousand score.
And many months have passed, George,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,
Of tempest and of wreck;
Of murder in the midnight hour,
Of war fall many a "speck!"
Of ships that, lost away at sea,
Went down before the blast,
Of stifled cries of agony
As life's last moment passed.

Of earthquakes and of suicides,
Of failing crops of cotton,
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotten.
And boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,
Of riots, duels fought,
Of robbers with their prey escaped,
Of thieves with booty caught.

Of flood, and fire, and accident,
Those worn-out types have told;
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births and deaths,
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days
Have faded from our view,
How autumn's chilling winds have swept
The leaf-crowned forest through.
How winter's snow hath come and gone—
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling spring hath warmed
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half
My inky friends have told,
Since, shining bright and beautiful,
They issued from the mould—
How unto some they joy have brought,
To others, grief and tears;
Yet faithfully the record kept
Of fast receding years.

Apes.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

The ape naturally follows the pig. Many a human being commences life by being a pig and ends it by being an ape. That comes of the development theory. If man is an improvement on the monkey, the monkey is probably an improvement on some lower animal still, and that lower animal may quite as well be a pig as anything else. With a peculiarity. The metempsychosis from pig to ape frequently takes place within a short space of time, the lifetime of a single individual sometimes, and having reached the ape stage, the development suddenly is arrested, and never reaches the plane next higher. Which accounts—

Is that an ill-natured view of the human race? We contend that it is not. Don't you, Mr. *Post*, know folks who look like monkeys? Haven't *you*, gentle Reader, met with American citizens whose whole life was only a base-born attempt to ape rich foreigners? And if we class the treacherous, selfish, silly and stupid people respectively as but higher developments of the cat, pig, ape and rabbit-types, on the other hand do we not collect together all the real men and women under the metaphor of horse-people, and do not the horse-people far outnumber all the rest? If you take all the bad people in the world and put them together and count them, there will still be enough honest people left scattered about here and there, a dozen times to overbalance all the selfishness and meanness of the others. Else there would be more murderers than honest people—more swindlers than Christians, not to mention the class of Christian swindlers who occupy a long strip of middle ground. There is vastly more of goodness than of evil in the world. After which concession to the feelings of vox populi, we may be permitted to go on and notice the notwithstanding to the contraries. That is to say, in the first instance, notwithstanding vox populi's feelings, vox populi cherishes within its bosom a many and a many apes.

There is nothing in life more absurd than a family of pigs suddenly blossoming out into a family of apes. A young Englishman once explained to your correspondent the difference between *nobby* and *snobby*. Being nobby is simply to be born to the ways of fine gentlemanism or ladyism, merely wearing fine feathers for which you have been made; while to be snobby, alas! is trying desperately to be somebody when you can't. So when ambitious Mrs. Piggins, whom for many a year her own stout pair of pedals have borne not only to market but home again, suddenly discovers that she is too feeble to turn the silver knob of her own front door, that is a moment of supreme, exquisite snobbery. Mrs. Piggins becomes an ape and sets up an ape-iary. The ape-x of her silly existence is reached when she imports a baboon in livery to open her carriage-door for her.

Let us speak a parable.

Suppose a certain man should build a grand, wide house. So grand and fine indeed, that the cedars of Lebanon should be hewn down to build the beams thereof, and the rarest woods of the earth should be sawn asunder to frame the doors and the carving thereof. Suppose the outside of this grand mansion should be gorgeous to the point of breaking down with every conceivable form of decoration, with sculptured lions sleeping, with marble wreaths, with Greek goddesses supporting its resplendent arches, and all painted, polished, and varnished to that dazzling degree where your eyes ache to look at it. Now wouldn't the owner be a precious idiot, if, so far from furnishing and living in his grand mansion, he shouldn't even so much as lathe and plaster it, but should leave the whole inside to be merely a hollow space in the midst of rough walls covered with dust and cobwebs.

Yet that is what Mrs. Piggins does, when she establishes her ape-iary. The outside of her head is covered with costly ornamentation, while the inside is emptier than an old band-box. Mrs. Piggins thus decorated illustrates what the young Englishman meant by the word *snobby*. All those people who have undertaken to untie the hard knot of being fine ladies and gentlemen when nature never intended them for it, also serve to point the same moral.

"Affectation sooner discovers what one is, than what one would fain appear to be," says Stanislaus. It is true. Just as certain as we pretend to an extraordinary degree of knowledge, or sensibility, or high-bredativeness, or an extraordinary degree of anything in particular, it is a sure sign the world over, that this is precisely the extraordinary quality which we don't possess. I know it is the way of school-teachers, and lawyers, possibly ministers, when they feel a bit shaky in regard to any given statement or argument they have made, to insist with all their might on the truth of it. I have done so myself. But I never noticed that this kind of gammon ever convinced anybody. It won't even go down with school-children. On the same principle, when stout Mrs. Piggins declares that kitchen odors always make her faint, she gives rise to the suspicion that she herself, in times past, has been over-familiar with the serving-up of boiled cabbage and onions. Which is actually the case. When Arabella will not bow to pretty Miss Mary next door, because Miss Mary's father drives a baker-wagon, we need not consult Arabella's family chronicles to discover that her father began life as a peddler, with his pack on his back. But although Mrs. Piggins and Miss Arabella refuse to recognize pretty Miss Mary, both would walk on their knees to be introduced to that blear-eyed, snuffy Count, who ran away from home between two days because daylight was not healthy for him just then. Both ladies consider it the most desirable thing in life, to be permitted to ape fourth-rate European nobility and second-hand European fashions.

These two representative ladies belong to the monkey-aristocracy of America. It is an aristocracy of stark, flat ignorance shouldering its way into notice by virtue of its money and its illimitable capacity for mimicry. Mrs. Piggins, who cannot write her own name with the capitals in the right place, who never reads a syllable, and never performs a charitable action—Mrs. Piggins with her wiggeries and waggeries, her crimpers and hair dyes, her rouge and false eyebrows, all to make her look twenty when she is sixty—does she exhibit any higher degree of intellect than one might look for in a grizzly old ape? In fact, deprive Mrs. Piggins of all her skillful outside adornments, and, we beg her pardon, but what would be left more than a grizzly old ape? She aspires by the force of fine feathers to be something she cannot be. And that is one sort of American aristocracy in a nutshell. Mrs. Piggins has no more cultivation of head or heart than a Hottentot, but Mrs. Piggins wearing her fifteen hundred-dollar shawl claims to be the queen of American society. It is a tacit confession that Mrs. Piggins in and of herself is a little less than nobody. If I never studied the elements of English grammar, if I have not the honor of an acquaintance with the multiplication table, if I don't know and don't even want to know that the earth is a ball and moves around the sun—how much higher in the plane of civilization am I than a Hottentot? If all the little brains in my head are laid down at the shrine of monkeydom and flunkydom, how much better am I than a chattering, disagreeable ape? We appeal to any white man to say whether it is anything more than a monkeyish imitation of high life, for all the American Pigginses, ignorant and uncultivated, coarse and selfish in their tastes—people who for half their days have been only too glad to walk to their work in the world—to suddenly patronize this life in a carriage, with two footmen wearing padded shanks and the livery of a clown, perched up behind. A dog ought to be ashamed of such a rig, much less a free-born American citizen. Pah! The smell of turpentine and varnish will cling to the Pigginses till the crack of doom. What do they know; what good do they do? "One could bray their fungous heads to powder with a lady's fan," says De Quincey the Insolent.

Such show is unbecoming the dignity and simplicity of a free republic. An American citizen with servants in livery! A republican lady making a poor, mean toady of herself for the sake of a set of dissolute foreigners! It is despicable. Why is the news always told with such a flourish of trumpets whenever an American girl chances to wed with a European count or baron? Isn't it a thousand times more honorable, and more agreeable, when it comes to that, to be wooed and won by a well-bred, well-looking American boy, standing on his own worthy, honest feet, instead of being stilted up on the bones of a hundred and fifty fusty old ancestors? A tub which does not stand upon its own bottom is not of much account. It ought to be the glory of America that it has no ancestors of whom to be ashamed. Do you think the Emperor of Russia is any more honorable than you are, because a long time ago a wicked woman strangled her husband and set up governing on her own account? If an ugly old thief and pirate crossed the seas centuries ago, and murdered an unoffending person and took possession of his lands and goods, therefore are you, the descendant of the ugly old thief and pirate, any better than the descendant of the murdered man? You know you are not, and it is the meanest sort of snobbery to say that you are.

Moreover, when American women, themselves ex-laundresses and ex-milliners, begin to talk of "low people," "good families," and "first society," and all such silly nonsense, *that* sort of stuff is only the meanest apery of the meanest snobbery. Mrs. Piggins's cook is more of a lady than Mrs. Piggins's self, because the cook is a good cook and an honest woman, while the mistress is a very badly executed counterfeit fine lady. A good laundress is infinitely more honorable than a make-believe lady. For, when it comes to speaking of the human race, the point is capable of geometrical demonstration that fine feathers alone will *not* make fine birds. You can't make a bird of paradise out of a quacking, waddling old duck, just by pinning the paradise-bird's plumage upon the old duck's back, can you?

Not that I don't adore fine feathers, and love them dearly. On the contrary, I tell you there have been times for many and many a long year when my heart has fairly ached with the unsatisfied longing to add here and there a dainty bright plume to my sad colored wings. The feeling is natural—at least I know it is natural to me. And money well used is beyond all doubt the best thing this world affords. But it is supremely silly to take money and go and make an ape of one's self. Many Americans do it, though. Rich upstarts and sometimes poor ones, the nation over, bedizen themselves with barbaric finery, and call themselves the "higher classes," forgetting utterly that to be a lady or a gentleman one must first cultivate some intelligence in his head and some kindness in his heart. The wealth of the world cannot make a lady unless she build upon a foundation of educated brains. In this country where one cannot get the education sooner, one can get it later, thank Heaven! And a noble, kindly nature, scorning coarseness, vulgarity, and piggish selfishness—everybody can cultivate that.

So that, really, there is nothing after all to prevent a rich laundress or a kitchen-girl from becoming a perfect lady, intellectual, beautiful and refined, fit to be the peeress of any in the world, if she begins right. But for pity's sake let her not make a laughing-stock of herself by carrying the tastes of a scullery into the palace of a king. A coarse, ignorant, selfish woman cannot be chemically precipitated into a beautiful crystal of a fine lady by the mere action of silk and diamonds. The philosopher's stone, which by its touch was to transmute brass into pure gold, never has been found yet, American money-aristocracy to the contrary notwithstanding.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

She had spoken incautiously; and the flush of crimson rising in her face was so vivid that she turned it from him. Thomas Kage took her hand and held it between his.

"Would you have me go through life alone?" she sadly asked. "Why should I not marry again? Some mothers call girls at my age too young for wives. I am not three-and-twenty."

"My dear, I hope you will marry again; my only anxiety is that you should marry for happiness. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Canterbury had burst into tears.

"It is such a lonely life," she whispered; "it has been so lonely all along. I married—you know about it, that I did not care for him—and I found I had grasped the shadow and lost the substance. I tried to carry it off to others and be gay; but there was the aching void ever in my heart. Since I have been free, it has been the same: no real happiness; nothing but a yearning after what I have not. Sometimes hope springs up and pictures a bright future; but it flies away again. I have never," she continued, raising her eyes for a moment, "breathed aught of these my feelings to man or woman: I could not to any one but you."

"Caroline, you are indulging a love-dream! Who is its object?"

She was trembling excessively: he could feel that, as he held her hand, which she had not attempted to remove. Alone with him in that quiet evening hour, her heart full of romance and sentiment, Caroline Canterbury may be forgiven if she betrayed herself. Though she had heartlessly rejected Thomas Kage to marry a rich man, she had loved him passionately then, and she loved him passionately still.

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"Do not ask me."

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"*Need* you ask me?"

No, he need not; for in that same moment the scales fell from his own eyes. Her agitated tone, her downcast look, told him what he had certainly not had his thoughts pointed to. He dropped her hand, and went and leaned his own elbow on the mantelpiece, with a flush as rosy as hers.

Thomas Kage was no coxcomb—never a truer-hearted man than he in the world. His first feeling was surprise; his second self-blame for having himself provoked the avowal. But that Caroline Canterbury should love him still, after her deliberate rejection of him to marry another, after all these lapse of years, and the time she was a wife, never once entered into his mind. Rather would he have expected her to avow a love for the greatest stranger—for this man Dawkes, even—than for him.

"Caroline," he whispered, breaking a long silence, "was *this* your dream?"

Vexed at having betrayed so much, her sobs increased hysterically. He waited until she grew calm. "It cannot be," he continued in agitation. "Whether it might have been, whether the old feelings might have been renewed between us, I have never allowed myself to ask. There is an insuperable barrier."

"In my having left you to marry Mr. Canterbury?"

"Mr. Canterbury is gone and has left you free. The barrier lies in his unjust will."

"I do not understand you," she faintly said.

Thought after thought came chasing each other through his mind: some of them Utopian, perhaps; but, as she used herself to tell him, that was in his nature.

"Our former attachment was known to some people—or, at least, suspected," he remarked in a low tone. "Were I to make you my wife now, who but would say that will was a work of complicity planned between us?—the money bequeathed to you, and I the executor! Caroline, were you as dear to me as formerly, as perhaps you might become again, I would die of heart-break rather than marry your money, and so sacrifice my good name."

Her face and lips had turned of a stony white; her heart felt turning to stone within her. Mr. Kage resumed:

"In my mind there has always been a kind of fear connected with the will. When it flashes into my memory suddenly, as events will so flash, I seem to shrink with dread. It is a strange feeling; one that I have never been able to account for. Caroline, rather than be connected with that will, in the way of benefit to myself, I would fly the kingdom."

She had turned her face to look at him: it expressed a kind of puzzled wonder.

"Yes, I see how inexplicable this must sound to you. But the aversion to the will, the dread of it, lies sure and fast within me. Mr. Canterbury bequeathed me, as you may be aware, one hundred pounds for my trouble as executor. What little expense it entailed upon me, I honestly repaid myself; and the rest of the sum I have sent to one of our most necessitous hospitals. I only mention this to prove to you how impossible it is that I could, under any circumstances, consent to reap benefit from that unjust will."

"Answer me one thing," she rejoined in agitation. "When you urged me so strongly to induce Mr. Canterbury to make a more equitable will, was this—this—in your thoughts?—that perhaps, some time, as—as he was an old man, and I almost sure to be left free when still young—that this question of to-night might arise between us?"

"No," he earnestly answered, "I spoke alone in the interests of justice. I wished you to be just in the eyes of men; to endeavor to be so in the sight of God. From the day of your marriage with Mr. Canterbury, I have never thought of you but as lost to me; and I schooled my heart to bear."

Recollection, remorse, grief, were telling upon her. She shook as she stood, and turned to lay hold of something by which to steady herself. He could but walk across the rug to support her. But it was done without the smallest tenderness.

"I suffered then as you are suffering now," he whispered.

"Let me make it up to you," she returned, heeding little what she said in her despair—"let us make it up to each other. You do care for me still—I have riches, I have my love. Oh, Thomas, let me make it up to you!"

"Don't you see it is those riches that make it impossible? Caroline, do not tempt me; it can never be."

"I will give up my riches; and think it no sacrifice."

"You cannot give them up. The greater portion are held in trust for your son."

Yes, she saw it; quitting his side to lean against the mantelpiece, she saw it. The riches must cling to her like some foul thing that could never be shaken off. The gold, so coveted and deceitfully planned for, was already turning to bitterness in her mouth, like the apples of Sodom.

"Then you reject me," she faintly said.

"As a wife; I have no other alternative. But, Caroline, we can be dear to each other still—as brother and sister."

"Brother and sister! brother and sister!" she wailed. "That is not a tie to satisfy the void of an aching heart."

"Caroline, my darling sister, you must school your heart," he urged in his faithfulness. "*I* had to do it. I have to do it still. Why! do you think this, now passing between us, is not bringing me the most exquisite pain?" he broke off, giving way for a single moment to his emotion. "But for the barrier that Fate has raised up around you, I should take you to my breast with rapture, now as we stand here, thanking God that sunshine had come into my life at last. It has been cold and bleak enough without you, all these years."

The jet necklace on her white neck heaved and fell. But for the utmost control, but for the reticence of action that never forsakes a modest, right-minded woman, she had fallen on his breast then.

"As brother and sister," repeated Mr. Kage, retaining his distance; but he was quite sure of himself. "Any warmer feeling, any more sacred tie, between us is impossible. Be composed, Caroline; be yourself."

"Yes, I will be myself," she answered, pride coming to her aid. "Farewell, Thomas."

She was walking rapidly to the door to seek her chamber. Thomas Kage opened it for her, and held out his hand as though nothing had happened.

"Good-night, Caroline. To-morrow we will meet as usual, and forget all this. I shall have to leave you very soon after breakfast."

In attempting to return his good-night a smothered sob of anguish escaped her. His own heart echoed it as he closed the door and went back to the fire for some few minutes. The rejection he had had to give was as painful as any ever spoken by man.

And poor Mrs. Canterbury? As she tossed on her sleepless pillow, recognizing at last the upright worth, the value of the man she had once rejected, retribution seemed to have laid hold of her with its piercing fangs. Throughout the whole of the live-long night she bewailed the possession of the vast riches that were not justly hers. Fatal, worthless, molten riches; as they seemed to be in her eyes now. They had brought the reproach of the world in their train; they had heaped this present misery and mortification on her head; they had thrown up an impassable gulf against him who had alone made her day-dream.

Pretty well, all this. But Mrs. Canterbury—looking upon them in that bitter moment as a sort of evil gift, a fatality—caught herself wondering what else of ill they might bring in the future.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN DAWKES IN TOWN.

Face to face with each other—she bolt upright in her richest brocaded silk, on the stiffest of her drawing-room sofas, he tilted forward from a small chair—sat Mrs. Garston and Captain Dawkes. Their faces nearly met. It was a momentous interview; and the Captain always had the idea that she could not hear one word in ten unless he were within an inch of her.

The year had grown older by a week only since Thomas Kage's visit to Chilling. Captain Dawkes, weighing plans and projects, ways and means, had at length brought himself to town, braving the danger that might accrue if his creditors caught sight of him. But he had learnt caution of old.

His large, dark eyes wore a gloomy light as they gazed into the cold gray ones of Mrs. Garston. She had been telling him, in terms not to be misunderstood, that the inheritor of her money would not be himself.

"You never ought to have looked for it, Barby Dawkes; never. But I don't blame *you*, for doing so, so much as I do those who flattered you up that it would be yours. Keziah, to wit. I told her, when she was last here bothering me, that if you'd come and see me, you should hear what I would and would not do."

"And I have come, ma'am."

"You've took your time about it," was the old lady's retort. "But that was your business, not mine. And now I will fulfil my part of the bargain. First of all, though—is it true what Keziah tells me: that she has sunk some of her small capital for you?"

"That is true."

"And more shame for you to let it be true, Barnaby Dawkes! What? no other means? Most men would have gone and broke stones in the road, before they'd have robbed a sister."

"I live in hopes to repay her," said Barnaby.

"Do you!" spoke Mrs. Garston, with irony. "What do you suppose Keziah said to me, the other day?"

"I can't imagine. She says queer things on occasion."

"That if you were a married man you would be as steady as old Time."

"And so I should be," rejoined Barnaby, eagerly. "I should be as steady and saving as you are, Aunt Garston."

She did not speak at once. Her bright, gray eyes were gazing into his, as though she sought to know whether trust might be placed in his words.

"If I were fortunate enough to get married—that is, if my circumstances allowed me to do so—it would be the turning-point in

my life," he impresively said. "My future safeguard."

"Barnaby Dawkes, I think it might be."

To hear even this concession from one who never spoke of him, or to him, but in terms of the most utter disparagement, rather surprised the Captain, and very much gratified him.

"It is true, Aunt Garston, on my honor. Let me get the chance of becoming a married man, and you would see how good a member of society I should make. You might safely leave your fortune to me then, without fear that it would ever be wasted."

"What do you say?" she asked, bending her best ear. And Captain Dawkes repeated his words.

"Listen, Barnaby. I told you just now, as plain as I could speak, that the bulk of my fortune would not go to you. Take you heed of that once for all; *it never will.* When my will is opened, after my death, you will find two hundred pounds a-year secured to you; and, besides that, a sum of five hundred pounds down, which you may use to pay your debts with."

If ever a blank look settled on man's face, it did on that of Captain Dawkes.

"You cannot *mean* it, Mrs. Garston," he said, after a pause.

"It is all you will inherit from me, Barnaby," was the cold, resolute rejoinder. "I shall never make it another shilling—except on one condition."

"What's that?" he gloomily asked.

"That you marry. Now don't you mistake me, and think I want to urge you into marriage," added Mrs. Garston, rapping with her stick violently; "I'd be sorry to do it by the person dearest and nearest to me in the world. People should look out for themselves in such serious matters, and then nobody else is responsible for consequences."

"The devil take Keziah!" was the Captain's mental comment. "She must have been letting loose that tongue of hers."

"You fell in love with a girl in London, Barnaby; *made* love to her, that is. Considering that you are worthless in conduct, and hampered by debt, it was three-parts a swindle to have done it."

"But I—don't know what you mean, ma'am," replied the surprised Captain. "How came you to hear such a thing of me? It has no foundation whatever.

"How I came to hear it is nothing to you. Perhaps I saw it for myself. I can see one thing, Barby Dawkes—that the foolish child is pining her heart away for you."

"But—who is it, Aunt Garston?"

He knew quite well, and there was an untrue ring in his voice as he asked it. Down came Mrs. Garston's stick, ominously near his foot.

"It is Belle Annesley. How dare you pretend ignorance to me, sir! Do you suppose it will serve you?"

His face grew a little hot. He would not acknowledge to this; he might not venture, in the teeth of her persistency, to deny it.

"It was quite a mistake," he lamely muttered; "quite a mistake."

"If it's the want of money that keeps you from marrying her, I'll remedy the bar," said Mrs. Garston. "She will inherit three hundred a-year from her mother; I'll settle on you both *jointly*, and your children after you, seven hundred more; which will be an annual income of one thousand pounds. If you can't think that enough, you deserve to die in the workhouse. Over and above, I will pay your debts, Barby, on the wedding-day!"

Some twelve months before, Barby Dawkes would have leaped at this offer as a boon. Now, in the teeth of greater and grander visions, it only perplexed him. He stroked his purple moustache.

"But—suppose, Aunt Garston, that I were to decline the marriage; that I were—in short—to find it would not suit either myself or the young lady—what then?"

"What then? Nothing. *I* don't urge it; I've said so. If a word from me would marry the pair of you, I'd not speak it. The decision lies with you and her. But if you are both set on it, and you intend to be what you ought to be to her, you shall not be hindered for want of means."

"You are very kind," muttered Barnaby. "What I wished to ask was—about money-matters in regard to myself, if I don't marry her."

"Were you deaf?" roared Mrs. Garston. "Din't I tell you that, not married, you'd get two hundred a-year at my death? Where's the use of my repeating things?"

"And—until your death?" he ventured to urge. "I am in embarrassment now."

"Until my death I'll allow you one hundred a-year, Barnaby Dawkes. Not another penny, though it were to save you from hanging."

There ensued a silence. To attempt to contradict Mrs. Garston never brought forth good fruit; as Barnaby knew. He saw another thing—that what she had said now would be irrevocable for life. It was the first time she had explicitly stated her intentions, and he knew they would be abiding ones.

"Would you make me the same offer, Aunt Garston, if I married some one else?"

"If you did what?"

"Married another lady; not Belle Annesley?"

The question put Mrs. Garston into such a rage that he was fain to withdraw it, saying she had comprehended him wrongly.

"I hope I did. But I don't think it. If you could go and marry another, after what you've led the child to expect, you might look for Heaven's vengeance to come down upon you. She'd be well quit of a man who could act so, but it would break her heart. You may be a villain, Barnaby Dawkes; but I'd advise you to keep it to yourself in my hearing. And that's all I've got to say."

Barnaby Dawkes pushed his chair back, and fell into thought. A minute or two, and he lifted his head again.

"Marriage is a serious matter, Mrs. Garston; few of us, I imagine, like to enter upon it rashly. I must take a week or two for consideration."

"That's the most sensible thing you've said this evening, Barby Dawkes."

"And go back to Wales while I reflect; I dare not stay in London. You will help me, Aunt Garston? I cannot live upon air."

Mrs. Garston grunted. Air was certainly not very substantial to live upon.

"I'll give you fifty pounds."

"Thank you. If you would but make it a hundred!"

"Now don't you try my patience too much. What I've said I mean, Barby. Will you take some dinner?"

"Thank you. With immense pleasure."

"Then just ring that bell to let them know I'm ready for it. I'd have left out the 'immense,' if I had been you."

When the announcement of the dinner's being served was brought, the Captain gallantly held out his arm. Mrs. Garston put it aside with her stick and stalked on, leaving him to follow behind.

"I go in by myself when Thomas Kage is not here."

"Curse him for a snake in the grass!" mentally uttered the rejected Captain.—"*He'll* get the bulk of the money, the smooth reptile."

To partake of Mrs. Garston's good dinner was one thing; to remain the whole evening with her was another; and Captain Dawkes rose to leave with the table-cloth, making an excuse that he had a pressing engagement.

"I thought you were afraid of meeting some sheriff's officers in the streets," spoke the old lady in her open manner.

"There's not so much danger, ma'am, after dark."

But nevertheless, when the Captain reached the gate, he looked cautiously up the road and down the road, pulling his coat-collar high about his ears.

Little did Belle Annesley, enshrined within the safety of her mother's home so short a distance away, dream of the joy that the hour had in store for her. Mrs. Annesley, whose health was failing much, spent the greater portion of her time in her own chamber. On this day she had been down stairs for a few hours, but went up again, and to rest, at dusk; so that Belle was alone.

Time had been when Mrs. Annesley would have scrupled to leave her so much without a companion, but Belle's random days were over; never a lady in the land more staid, tranquil, home-sick, than she now. Mrs. Lowther and Mrs. Richard Dunn were always more than glad to see her; but she did not go to either very often; sometimes they ran in to sit with her.

Seated at work by the light of the lamp, her fingers slow and listless, her countenance hopelessly sad, was she. But she was not less pretty than of old. The face was young and fair; the blue ribbons—she cared for no other color—were still adorning the fine light hair with its golden tinge. Her dress this evening was a white sprigged muslin, and altogether she looked infinitely charming.

"That's Sarah Dunn," she softly said to herself, as a ring was heard. "I thought she would be coming in."

"Captain Dawkes, miss," announced the servant.

One moment's gaze, as though she had not heard, and then Belle dropped her work, and rose. Her pulses were tingling, her heart bounding, her face turning white as death. She felt sick with the rush of joy, her hands and frame were alike trembling; for a moment her sight left her, and she grasped the table for support.

Standing before her, when they were shut in alone, Captain Dawkes, experienced man that he was, read the signs, read the love. It brought him pleasure; for if his heart had a preference, it was for this girl. He took her hands in his, he bent his face with a soft whisper.

"You are glad to see me, Belle?"

Glad! An instant's struggle to maintain her calmness, as a well-trained young lady should, and then poor Belle gave way. She burst into tears, and Captain Dawkes gathered the pretty face to his shoulder. He scrupled not to kiss it, and kiss it again; although he had as much intention of marrying her as he had of marrying you.

"It has been so long—so long!" murmured Belle, ashamed of her emotion, and sitting down to the work. "I thought you were never coming again."

"As did I," responded the Captain, taking a chair in front of her. "Things have been going cross and contrary, my little one."

"Are they straight now?"

"Anything but that. If that wicked old party would but do her duty by me, I should have been all right long ago. I've just come away from her; been undergoing the penalty of dining with the mummy."

"And have you come to London to remain, Barnaby?"

"Only until to-morrow."

Her face fell sadly. He drew his chair a trifle nearer.

"You know, my pretty one, where I would be if I could—where my heart is. But if the Fates are unpropitious, what's to be done?"

"It must be very dull for you, away from everybody."

"A frightful exile."

"I am dull too," she added in a plaintive tone. "Mamma is always ill; Sarah has her own home now, and her baby; and I am mostly alone."

"What's the matter with Mrs. Annesley?"

"The doctors call it a break-up of the constitution. She is sadly weak and spiritless. How do you manage to amuse yourself, Barnaby?"

"Fishing," answered the Captain shortly. "That and the bemoaning of my hard fate fill up the time."

"Have you many friends down there?"

"Friends! There! You never saw such a miserable, lonely, out-of-the-world place as it is, Belle."

The color in the fair cheeks was going and coming; the fingers, plying the needle, began to tremble again. Belle's voice was faint as she spoke:

"Do you know what I heard? I want to tell you."

"Tell away, child. What did you hear?"

"That you were going to be married."

"Married! I!" And the Captain acted well his perfect astonishment.

"I thought it could not be true. Forgive me for repeating it, Barnaby."

"Why, you silly child, *you* might have known it was not."

The words and the reassurance caused her whole heart to thrill with rapture. O, but it was good to undergo the past doubt and suffering for *this* relief! The dark days gone by were as nothing now. One shy glance at him from the loving pretty blue eyes, and Belle sat on in silence. A question actually crossed Captain Dawkes's mind for the moment—should he accept the offer made by Mrs. Garston, and take this girl to his heart as his wife? He cared for her more than he could ever care for any other. The next minute he nearly laughed at himself: a thousand a-year and domestic bliss would not suit Barnaby Dawkes.

"What work is that you are so busy over, my fairy?"

"One of mamma's new handkerchiefs; I am hemming them for her," was the simple answer.

"Wish I'd got somebody to hem mine!"

Belle smiled and glanced at him. In her heart she was feeling ten years younger.

"WHAT I WISHED TO ASK WAS—ABOUT MONEY-MATTERS IN REGARD TO MYSELF, IF I DON'T MARRY HER?"

Captain Dawkes suddenly bent down, and kissed the hand that held the cambric.

"Hallos! who's this, I wonder?"

A visitor's step in the hall called forth the exclamation. Captain Dawkes was in the act of pushing his chair back to a respectable distance, when Mrs. Richard Dunn entered, in a pink-silk hood. Belle's face wore some conscious confusion; and Mrs. Dunn thought she must have interrupted a scene of love-making.

And Captain Dawkes, who did not particularly like Mrs. Richard Dunn, took up his hat and went forth, braving the danger from the sheriff's officers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORN AND EVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The sun rose up in the eastern sky,
And shone on the maid as she lay in her bed,
And a soft sweet light came in her eye;
"The morn of my wedding day," she said.
And she looked on the robe she was soon to wear,
And she hid her cheek with its blushes there.

The sun went down in the western skies,
And shone on the maid as she lay on her bed;
But it brought no light to the lidded eyes,
Closed in the dreamless sleep of the dead.
And her cheek as the robe she wore was white,
And this was the maiden's bridal night!

INCOMPATIBLE.

BY A. W. H. HOWARD.

Tom and I were absolutely certain that we should never quarrel after we were married. We knew very well that some married people did quarrel sadly, and that almost all differed more than was entirely comfortable: this knowledge forewarned us, and, after discussing the subject thoroughly, we felt that we were forearmed as well as forewarned.

Tom admitted that he had heard such words pass between his own father and mother as he should be very sorry to think would ever pass between us, but he said it was entirely unnecessary ever to have any difference amounting to a quarrel. Of course, people who had as positive temperaments as we both had could not agree entirely and at once, but a little concession would smooth away all difficulties; and for his part, he should always be happy to make any concessions which I should demand.

I thought Tom talked very well, and immediately assured him that so far as I was concerned he never would have to make any concessions at all; upon which he declared, with a most impassioned kiss, that my will should always be his law.

I thought over this conversation, which took place just a week before we were married, by myself, after Tom had gone, and I must say he seemed a rare treasure to me; for I could not recall another man among my acquaintances who was given to making concessions to the women of his household.

There was my father. Of course I loved father very much, but grown-up daughters are not always entirely blind to their fathers' peculiarities, and it did seem to me that he took delight in ploughing through and uprooting all mother's tastes and fancies.

Mother was English and of the Episcopal Church, and always wanted to observe Christmas, but father never would hear to it, because his ancestors came over in the "May Flower." He was proud of the grim Puritan record of the first Christmas in this country: "And no no man rested at all that day." It was, in his eyes, a glorious protest against princely and prelatical tyranny; and I agreed with father and kindled with enthusiasm when he talked of the beginnings of Congregationalism, and of the grand days when Milton was its poet and Cromwell its hero; yet, for all this, I thought it was hard and bigoted in father not to let mother keep her own festival. So, when we children grew up, we brought about a sort of compromise. At Thanksgiving, which father celebrated with great zeal, we trimmed the house with evergreen and holly till it was like a bower; we had blazing wood-fires in every room, and added roast beef to the feast hitherto sacred to turkey and chicken-pie. The plum-pudding, being adapted to both festivals, was not displaced; and when mother said, with a gratified look, that it seemed quite English, we were triumphant. We felt that we had gained a great victory for her, and that we had got the better of father without hurting him. Father was an editor—a very influential man, generous in his way, especially kind to all young writers, and very chivalric toward all women in his office and at his writing-desk, but he did rage around most uncomfortably at home.

Mother said his literary life affected his nervous system, and so took particular pains to make his home cares light. I did not quite approve of mother's course: I thought it would do father good if she would occasionally pay him back in his own coin; but she never did, and never seemed to care about his being on such very good terms, as he was, with a great many pretty women; but sister Mary and I, who thought married people, in order to be happy, must be thinking of each other every moment, used to get quite jealous for her.

"Mother," said sister Mary on one occasion, "do you like to have father write to that pretty Mrs. Colburn quite so much as he does?"

"I don't know as he writes to her any more than she writes to him," replied mother, indifferently.

"But, mother," said I, taking up the strain, "do you like to have father write so much to pretty women, any way?"

"Girls," said mother, "I like anything that diverts your father; and if these pretty women take up his attention, do, for mercy's sake, let them write."

"But, mother," persisted Mary, "if you were to die, and father should take it into his head to marry Mrs. Colburn, what should we do? Maggie and I should perfectly hate her. I almost know she could catch father if she wanted to, and of course she would, for father *is* handsome."

"Well," said mother, laughing, "in that case I hope Mrs. Colburn will stop writing, and take particular pains to see that the steak is never overdone, and that the water is always boiling the instant your father wants to shave. And now, children," said she, with a look that made us feel as if we were bibs and drank milk out of little cups, "I never want to hear a word of this nonsense again. Your father and I are old enough to take care of ourselves and you too;" and she left us with an angry flash in her eye which father's most dyspeptic grumblings never called forth.

That very afternoon father was brought in senseless, after having been dragged half a mile by his horse; mother's agony was fearful, and it was terrible to see father's handsome face so pale and rigid.

Then consciousness came back, and he stretched out his arms to mother, exclaiming, "Oh, Mary, I thought of you as long as I could think of anything;" and they wept together, and murmured words of deeper tenderness than young lovers ever dream of.

Sister Mary and I ran away to cry together.

"Oh, Maggie," said she, with a blubbering voice, "it *is* his nervous system, and he *does* love mother after all; and *how* she loves him! and what *fools* we were to think he cared a solitary *straw* for that Mrs. Colburn!"

I remembered this scene in father's favor, but it was pleasant to think that Tom would not only love me as well as father did mother, but would always be comfortable at home, which father certainly was not, even after this accident.

Then my brothers passed in review. Mother, Mary and I made all the concessions to them. They always hurried and worried us; and once, when Henry was going to Boston to spend the Fourth of July, he nearly brought the house down about our ears because his shirt bosom was not nicely ironed; as if in a Boston crowd anybody would notice his shirt bosom—or him, either, for that matter. But sister Mary, who, in the illness of our laundress, was responsible for the ironing, said Henry acted as if his shirt bosom were to be the principal piece in the fireworks. Brother Edgar was no better. He hurried Mary so about a pic-nic on this same Fourth of July that she went with a boot on one foot and a slipper on the other; and they were so early that when Henry drove back to get the other boot, he met the first express-wagon with its load of provisions, and Mary had the whole grove to herself while she finished her toilette.

With such experiences in the past, it was not strange that this conversation with Tom about quarreling and conceding was especially delightful to me, and made my future look uncommonly bright.

Tom and I had known each other for years, and had had an "understanding" for a long time. I had been away all summer, only coming home in season for this Thanksgiving-Christmas sort of festival of which I have spoken.

I wore white alpaca, trimmed with scarlet velvet, and holly berries in my hair. I danced constantly, and I never felt in finer spirits, for Tom was there, more devoted to me than ever, and I knew I was looking my best. At last some one called for vocal music, which made a pause in the dancing. (This dancing was another point which we had carried for mother against father, but I will say for father that when he found he could not help it, he submitted with a good grace.) Feeling a little chilly, I threw a scarlet shawl over my shoulders. I think this shawl brought Tom to terms, for as I came into the room his eyes met mine with a light kindling in them which made my cheeks the color of my shawl. In an instant he had crossed the room and had drawn me into the library, used that night for a cloak-room, and in fifteen minutes we were engaged. I remembered the time, for as we crossed the hall I looked at our tall clock wreathed in evergreen, and it struck ten: I was in a delirium of excited feeling, longing to be alone with Tom, yet fearing it was all a happy dream, when sister Mary called me to come and give one last look at the supper-table. (The supper-table at a time like this!) Coming out, the tall clock came again exactly in my line of vision, and it was quarter-past ten; only fifteen minutes, and yet an age of bliss! To this day the sight of a tall clock with the hands at quarter-past ten makes all the chords of memory thrill.

"The table looks beautiful, I am sure," said I, in a dazed kind of way after we got into the dining-room.

"You and Tom are engaged," replied Mary, closing the door and holding the handle.

"Oh, Mary!" said I.

"Well, you are," said Mary. "Tom looked, when you came out together, as if he never had seen a woman in all his life; that look always means love and kissing. So now, Maggie, if you don't contradict it in one second, I shall tell everybody, and we shall make one job of the supper and the congratulations."

"Oh, Mary," said I again, but I could not contradict it: and Mary was as good as her word. The congratulations only ended with the last good-bye that night.

I was just twenty years old—a pronounced brunette, very slender, with what people called a graceful figure, and hands and feet that all the men praised and all the women envied. Tom was twenty-six, with chestnut hair, which curled thickly all over his handsome head; and I must confess that when the sun shone fairly upon those beautiful curls they had a suggestion of red about them: he had rather fiery hazel eyes, and of course the impetuous, dashing temperament which goes with such hair and eyes—a splendid temperament for a lover, whatever it may be for a husband. Everybody said we were a very stylish couple, and that there was no reason why we should not be very happy.

We were married on New Year's day, my outfit for a winter in New York being turned into a *trousseau* when Tom declared he could not and would not wait; and as we had known each other so long, there really seemed to be no cause for delay.

We were to go to Boston to live, and when some one condoled with mother on the separation, she replied, cheerfully, "Oh, I think it is better for young married people to be by themselves—for the first year, at least;" so we were sent forth with a cheerful "good-bye" and "God bless you," and the old life was ended and the new one began.

Tom and I were happier in our own fresh, tasteful and even elegant home than we had ever imagined we could be; but after a little time we found that we differed very decidedly upon some points, and I was surprised to see that if Tom had not forgotten his old doctrine of concession, he often ventured to ignore it.

I wanted to go to a Congregational church, but Tom declared for Episcopacy. I could not find my place in the Prayer-Book, nor did I know when to rise nor when to sit. An Episcopal service was a severe experience, and Tom's readiness and apparent devotion were quite exasperating to me.

Then Tom was scientific, and I was not; he wanted to go to scientific lectures, which I detested; while I wanted to go to literary and patriotic courses, which he absurdly called "sensational." He dragged me through one course upon astronomy, which was a sad penance to me, but I never complained till he brought out a tremendous book upon *The Origin of the Stars*, which he wanted me to read when he was down town. I dare say it would have been a most excellent book for me, for

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

was all I knew about astronomy; but, unfortunately, it was all I wished to know; so I openly rebelled against *The Origin of the Stars.*

Then of chemistry which was another pet science with Tom, I only knew that my old

chemistry at school used to tell about oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen; and I had a vague idea that some of these were healthy and some were not. Tom, to be sure, went with me to my favorite lectures, but they seemed about as hard for him to bear as his were for me.

At length I thought I would talk with Tom about it, and, if need be, remind him that my will was to be his law. So one afternoon, as we were crossing the Common to call on Mrs. Foster, Tom's aunt by marriage, I said:

"Tom, you don't like to go to my lectures." It was a mild afternoon, and both Tom and I were as genial as the weather, for I had a new hat, and looked very well in it, and Tom had just told me so.

"Oh, yes, Maggie," replied Tom, gallantly, "I like to go anywhere with you."

"No, Tom, you do not," I replied, "and I feel it."

"I certainly do, Maggie," responded Tom.

"No, Tom, you do not, and I should like it better if you admitted it."

"I do, I say," said Tom, in an irritated tone. "Can't you believe me?"

"Oh, Tom," said I, "you are positively cross."

"Well, you needn't give me the lie, then," replied he, savagely.

"Oh, Tom!" I exclaimed, out to the heart, "I never thought—I never meant to say such a thing."

"Well, you said it plainly enough," retorted Tom, contemptuously. "Now come in and see if you can be as civil to Mrs. Foster as you are to me."

"Oh, Tom," I replied, "let us go home: I can't go in—I shall die if I do."

"We'll see if you will," said Tom, pulling me into the parlor, where I burst into tears at once, and sobbed as if my heart would break.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Foster, deluging me with cologne and almost choking me with salts.

"Nothing," said Tom, "only Maggie has got very much excited."

Now, every man knows that telling a woman she is excited is the most intensely aggravating thing he can do.

"'Excited!'" I screamed. "He says I told him he lied, and I never thought of such a thing, and he knows it!"

"There it is again," said Tom, sarcastically, without any regard for my distress.

Poor Mrs. Foster looked greatly troubled. "You must try to bear with each other," was all she had time to say when callers were announced, and Tom seized me and dragged me out through the back parlor.

"Now, Tom," said I, calmly, for the fresh air revived me and I had cried off some of my emotion, "do you call this 'concession?'"

"'Concession!'" replied he, as if he had never heard of the word before. "Well, no—not exactly."

"Well," said I, "don't you remember that you told me you should always be glad to make concessions, and that my will should always be your law?"

"No," said Tom, stoutly, "I do not; and if I ever said such a silly thing, I should desire to forget it. Everybody knows that it is a woman's place to yield, and every true woman finds her highest pleasure in doing so;" and then he began a little whispering whistling of "Yankee Doodle," which he kept up all the way home, as if determined to show all the contempt he could for me.

For aught I could see, Tom was becoming as bad as my father and brothers, and this, too, when he had explicitly, and of his own accord, promised to concede. It was only four months—four little months—since that promise, sealed with that impassioned kiss, and now I was expected to find my highest pleasure in submitting to his will.

One thing was certain: Tom *had* told a lie, whether I had "given" it to him or not. If he would tell a lie about one thing, why not about another—why not about everything? My days of happiness were over, for it was plain I never could trust Tom as I had done.

I had entirely forgotten that I had told him, with equal sincerity at the time, that he never would have to make any concessions to me, and that it was this lamb-like sentiment which had called forth his final declaration and kiss. I thought we should have a wretched time after this walk, which began so pleasantly and ended so sadly, but diversion came from an unexpected source.

Esther Flanders and her brother Philip came in to pass the evening: I liked Esther very much, but her brother I had never seen before. He was a most captivating man. "Captivating" is just the word to describe him. He took one's judgment, taste and fancy by storm: such fine manners, such rare culture, such delicate tact I had never seen united in one person, and although Tom and I were in such a miserable state, he succeeded in calling us out wonderfully. I was conscious that I had never talked so well, nor had I ever sung and played better than I did with this magnetic stranger to turn the leaves for me.

Tom was pleased with his evident but respectful admiration of me, and told me, with a half attempt at reconciliation, that he was quite proud of me, for Philip Flanders was the most fastidious and critical man he knew, and that he especially admired a woman who talked well, and I certainly did. I was not much gratified by Tom's praises, for I could not understand how he could so soon get over our storm of the afternoon: he seemed to have done so, however, and never alluded to it again; but it rankled in my mind, and with every difference—we had them pretty often now—a sense of my wrongs in this matter of concession flamed up afresh. But I forgot my wrongs when with Philip Flanders; and, indeed, in his presence I forgot everything but music, culture and the gifted man who sang so well and for me alone, for he was often in of an evening; and it so happened that his calls came on Tom's club evenings rather more frequently than at any other time. It was very pleasant, and I did not always tell Tom when he had been with me: I did not want to tell him everything, as at first, and by degrees I found myself thinking quite as much of Philip Flanders and his sympathy in any emergency as of Tom.

One evening, when Tom and I had exchanged some unusually hard words—as hard, I fancied, as those which he told me, at the time of the concession proposal, he had heard pass between his father and mother—Tom strode out through the front parlor, exclaiming angrily, "Don't try sulking with me—I am not the fellow to stand it," just as Philip Flanders entered the back parlor noiselessly, to find me sobbing almost hysterically. I was sure he had heard Tom's last words: how much more I could not tell.

It would take a very high-principled man—which Philip Flanders was not—of thirty-five (Philip's age,) or of fifty-five, or of sixty-five, or indeed of any age to which man ever attains, to find a young and pretty woman in such a plight and not wish to console her with more tenderness than would be altogether prudent. Philip soon drew all my misery from me, and then said, in his most thrilling tones, holding my eyes meanwhile with his own fixed and magnetic gaze:

"How strange that we should both be so wretched—you with your husband and I *alone!* I have seen this from the first: you and your husband are not well matched: he does not understand the requirements of your nature. You are really incompatible."

"What can I do?" I cried, for I had not defined the case so clearly in my own mind.

"Do! Nay, poor child," replied he, slowly and pityingly, "I will help you bear your burden: perhaps I can lighten it a little. I have no wife, nor do I wish for one *now*. We will be *more* than friends. Is it a compact?" he asked, persuasively.

I felt entirely powerless, and at that instant he pressed a burning kiss upon my lips.

A strange feeling of exhilaration, which I mistook for happiness, came with this kiss, and I thought my troubles were over; but when Tom came home that night, all hearty, and clubby, and smoky, I felt a remorseful aversion to him which I had never known before, and which was farther from happiness than the hardest quarrel would have been.

It seems to me that the next few weeks were passed in a sort of delirium; when not directly under Philip's influence, I was constantly wondering what father, and mother, and Mary, and Henry, and Edgar would think of all this. If they could only understand it, they would not blame me, for Philip placed the subject before me in the most sophistical light; but, somehow or other, I always felt that they never could be made to understand it; so I was glad they did not know it, and I had a vague wish that the old quarrelsome days—we did not quarrel now—with Tom were back, and that I had never heard of Philip Flanders.

At length I broke down in a nervous fever, and after the crisis was past, as I lay weak and helpless, I overheard the doctor say to Tom,

"Your wife is in a very poor way; she must have change. She must go into the country, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

"You don't think it is anything serious?" said Tom, in a husky voice, which made me almost love him again.

"I can't say: I hope not, I am sure; but I thought it was my duty to tell you this much," said the doctor, in a business-like way, as he left the room.

Tom opened the door softly and bent over me for a moment, then kissed me very lightly, lest he should wake me, and crept out of the room on tip-toe, but he sighed very heavily, or else he tried to suppress a sob. Tom, whom I had never seen cry—could it be that he loved me, after all, just as father did mother? I buried my face in the bed-clothes and prayed I might die and be through with it all, for there was Philip Flanders with his strange power over me, which I knew I never could resist. I did not die, however. Youth and a good constitution triumphed, and in a very short time I was pronounced fit for the country. I did not see Philip Flanders, and Tom was very tender with me: happiness seemed to be creeping back; and when Tom said I should go to Aunt Abigail's, as I begged, instead of home, I kissed him gratefully, and felt a quiet content stealing over me.

The last summer of my bright, care-free girlhood was passed away back among the hills, with Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail: the very thought of it was peace. Even now I sometimes think it was the happiest summer of my life: I had never been disappointed there; my ideals were all glorious heroes, who never came down from their pedestals. Life before me looked like one grand triumphal march: my only care for the future was to wonder, as girls will, what strong arm I should lean upon, and what manly tread would keep time to the music of my lighter step.

Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail were the rarest old couple in the world. Their love had reached its Indian summer, but it was not mournful, like that of the year: it did not suggest decay and death, but a world where such love must bloom over again in freshness and immortal youth. It had ripened slowly, I knew now, though I thought then it had always been thus peaceful, for Uncle Cyrus's once tawny-brown hair was like snow, and only a few threads of dark in the silver of Aunt Abigail's told of the wealth of black hair which framed her beautiful face when she came a bride to the old homestead.

Aunt Abigail was a "Friend" by birth and training, and when that non-resisting sect threatened to "read her out of meeting" because her whole soul turned in love to Uncle Cyrus, whose family had been "Congregationalists" for generations, her temperament and her training met in a hand-to-hand conflict. Temperament won the victory, as it generally does in such cases; so she laid aside her drab, and brightened the bridal white of her wedding-hat with a bit of scarlet verbena, and sat in the choir with Uncle Cyrus the Sunday after they were married. She said "thee" but once after that time, and it was years and years after, when Uncle Cyrus told her, with a ghastly face, that Cousin George was dead—dead at Gettysburg. "Thee can't mean it, Cyrus," came in a shriek from her ashy lips, and she sank senseless at his feet. Poor Aunt Abigail! all the hope of her youth, coming back through the old familiar phrase to resist the shock, was powerless before the terrible truth. We thought her heart was broken, but after the first sharp agony was over, she was her own strong self again; and when they brought crape and bombazine, she exclaimed, "Shall I put on garments of mourning because my son has been 'promoted on the field?'" and she put them away with a face like that of an angel. Their grief was too sacred for sadness: if full of heart-break, it was also full of hope; boisterous mirth might be subdued, but no innocent enjoyment was ever checked by their presence.

The faith of the aged couple created a serene atmosphere around them which I, weak and morbid as I had become, longed for with an inexpressible longing; so when Tom placed me comfortably in the cars, for he could not go with me, giving the conductor enough charges to betray the fact of his being a very young husband, and I leaned languidly back, a sense of the tranquil cheerfulness which brooded over the home to which I was hastening filled my soul, and the thought of Philip Flanders seemed fading like the memory of a bad dream.

A caressing touch aroused me, and he, my evil genius, was beside me.

"Alone for such a journey, in such a state!" he said, softly.

I had been very ill, and was weak and morbid, as I have said, and before my journey was half completed, I had an agonized conviction that I was a wretched, almost deserted wife, and that he was indeed my "more than friend." He adroitly left at a station a few miles from Uncle Cyrus's, regardless of the fact that I was more lonely and in a much worse state than he found me; but I did not think of this at the time.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, I thought I would tell Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail my sad story. They were always charitable to motives; they might understand me. If they did not, and the worst came to the worst—though of what that worst would be I had only a vague notion—there was my "more than friend" to whom I could appeal, and who would stand by me to the last. So, after prayers, I told them, as well as I could, that I had found that my marriage was a great mistake; that I was wretched and wanted to die; that I had but one friend, Philip Flanders (and I painted him in glowing colors;) that he had understood me from the beginning; and that he said Tom and I were "really incompatible."

"Most men," said Aunt Abigail, with quiet but stinging satire, "have a lively sense of the wrongs of other men's wives."

"Incompatible!" cried Uncle Cyrus, looking at me over his glasses and turning very red in the face. "Drat the man! I wonder what your aunt would have done if some fool had told her we were incompatible, before we had been married six months?"

Now "drat" was the strongest oath Uncle Cyrus ever used. It was well understood in the family that it bore no more dangerous relation to a regular "damn" than a single sneeze does to a three weeks' influenza; yet for all this, whenever he used it, Aunt Abigail always felt that the interests of religion and morality required her to say, "Why, Cyrus!" when Uncle Cyrus, with a slightly crestfallen air, would reply, "Well, well;" and there the matter would end for that time. But on this occasion she did not reprove him, but looked as if she would have borne the stronger word had he chosen to use it.

This omission and this look nearly broke my heart, and exclaiming vehemently, "Everybody is against me!" I rushed away to my room, cried myself to sleep, and awoke feeling indescribably better and very hungry.

Oh, how hungry I was! But after such a tragic demonstration, how could I go downstairs and ask for something to eat? If I could only see Hannah from the window, I could get her to smuggle a nice lunch into my room; but no Hannah was to be seen, and the question seemed to be between pride and starvation, when I heard Aunt Abigail stepping cautiously over the stairs. That slow, steady step foreboded a lecture, and Aunt Abigail would make thorough work with me, I knew; but to meet it when I was so hungry did seem hard. Then the door swung open, the fragrance of coffee filled the room, and there stood Aunt Abigail holding a salver containing the most delicious lunch—one of her own old-fashioned china cups, my childish admiration, from the corner cupboard, for the coffee, two ham sandwiches and a single tart of home-made, flaky paste, filled with clear, quivering currant jelly.

"Oh, Aunt Abigail!" exclaimed I, gratefully, with a watering mouth.

"Your uncle thought," said she, moving a little stand nearer the bed and placing the salver on it, "that you would like some of his ham: he cured it himself;" and I sat up and ate the ham that had been "cured" by the man who had just "dratted" my "more than friend," and felt better for it—better, in fact, than I ever had for anything that my "more than friend" had ever said or done, and I began to gain mentally as well as physically from that day.

Tom wrote constantly, telling me not to write to him till I was able, but that he was so very lonely he must write to me.

"A very good letter for a cold-blooded monster to write," said Aunt Abigail, one morning, as I read her passages from my last.

I had just come, "as fresh as a rose," Uncle Cyrus said, from a long country drive through old roads, winding, as old roads will, here to a ferry and there to a mill; and Aunt Abigail, seeing I was able to bear it, began to talk with me about my troubles. She laughed heartily over the concession story, and told me I was only learning what all wives must—the difference between a lover and a husband. Then she told about the differences of opinion and feeling which she and Uncle Cyrus had when they were first married—how she used to cry and wish she was back in the Friends' meeting-house, with her little drab bonnet on, and no Uncle Cyrus anywhere. Then grandfather came to see them. He was an old man—older than Uncle Cyrus is now—with a manner of gentle yet stately courtesy. Aunt Abigail thought he must have seen that she was not quite happy, for he took great pains to praise everything she did, especially when Uncle Cyrus was near to hear him: he used to read in the Bible to her; Saint John was his favorite apostle. He liked him, he said, because he was not born gentle, but had become so through his faith; for he was one of those who were called "sons of thunder;" and Aunt Abigail said grandfather's keen, blue eye and high instep made her think his experience might have been like that of John; so she liked to hear him read and talk of him, but she thought the words, "Little children, love one another," were pretty sure to get into every reading.

One afternoon, when he was reading from his favorite John, a lady who was present, said, "Well, after all, I like Paul better: John got to be a little too gentle. Now Paul," said she, "knew people must quarrel sometimes, for he said, 'If it be *possible*, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.'" Then grandfather said that passage had been very much perverted, because people did not know how to place the emphasis properly; and when the lady looked surprised, he said the right emphasis was on the word "*you*"—"as much as lieth in *you*, live peaceably with all men;" and he said if it were read in that way it would be a perfect rule for all newly-married people. Aunt Abigail said she often thought of it after that conversation, and it was curious to see how frequently it prevented the retort that was springing to her lips. Then, when grandfather went away, she watched him through the blinds with tearful eyes, for she loved the kindly old man who had strengthened and consoled her; and she heard him say to Uncle Cyrus, "You have a better wife, Cyrus, than I ever thought you would get: see that you are very kind to her, for she has given up a great deal for you."

Uncle Cyrus did not say anything then, but they were happier from that time; and the day after grandfather's funeral—for he did not live long: Aunt Abigail never saw him again—he told her those very words, not dreaming that she had heard them before, and that they had been among her choicest treasures since the bright autumn day when grandfather kissed and blessed her for the last time. I could not help thinking that grandfather's consolation was not much like that of my "more than friend;" and with this thought a sudden conviction that it was a great deal better swept through my mind with the refreshing effect of a cool evening breeze after a sultry day; and for the first time I felt like writing to Tom.

My letter brought back a most lover-like epistle, by return of mail, to say he would be with me in a week.

Aunt Abigail said it was the *sentiment* of love which carried people through courtship, but they must depend upon the *principle* of love to carry them through marriage. It often seemed as if this *sentiment* of love had been killed by the antagonism of the earlier periods of married life; but if the *principle* were developed by unswerving truth and loyalty to each other, under whatever temptation to the contrary, the sentiment would in time revive again and the love and life would be transfigured.

I was greatly comforted by my talks with Aunt Abigail: they gave me hope for the future, and I resolved to be as intensely loyal to Tom as any one could desire. We did not talk much about Philip Flanders, for I felt that neither Aunt Abigail nor Uncle Cyrus did him justice. I knew he had not done right; he ought not to have kissed me—and I never would let him again. I should talk frankly with him about it all, and tell him that I now saw I had been more to blame than Tom, and that we had become very happy. He had meant to be kind to me; he was wretched and lonely; and, after all, his only fault was that he had too much heart. It would be hard and cruel to give him up: every man needed a strong matronly friend, and I would be—he was thirty-five and I twenty—one to him.

But of all these resolutions I said not a word to Aunt Abigail, nor yet to Uncle Cyrus, as I did not wish to encounter another "drat."

The day that Tom was to come, was as perfect as June could make it. Uncle Cyrus took me to the station in his old country-wagon, with its high green "settle," for I wanted Tom to see it and take his first drive in it. The station was thronged, for it was now the middle of the month, and crowds of city people were coming up for the remainder of the season. We gathered at the end of the platform to catch the first glimpse of the train, which was when it came around a sharp bend in the road: then it disappeared, and we could not see it again till it was just at the station. The train was late, and I began to fear an accident.

What if I never should see Tom again? Such things had happened to other—why not to me? The thought brought a sharper pang than I had ever known; but no—all was right. "There it is!" cried the people; and we watched it make the curve. A bright cloud caught my eye—it was just sunset—and at that instant there came a sound of agony from the crowd, and I *saw* the cars dash off the steep embankment, turn over and over, and plunge into the river below.

My Tom was there. I had only written to him once, and now I *never* could write to him again! Everything reeled around me. There was a terrible hush for a moment, then a sound of mad riding, then I recognized the voice of the station-agent. He seemed to be screaming in my ears—"They can't save a soul: we never had such a smash-up on this road." Then two men took hold of me, very gently, to carry me into the station.

"Poor thing!" said one, his voice sounding far away; "had she any friends in the train?"

"Her husband," replied Uncle Cyrus, and his voice trembled, though it was so far away I could hardly catch the sound—"only married six months." Then all was blank. When I came to myself, it seemed to be midnight: a single lamp was burning on the table in the "Ladies' Room," where I was, and the station was as still as the grave. I thought, with a shudder, that all the people were at the river. Then I felt hot tears raining on my face, and knew that some one was sobbing over me.

"Aunt Abigail," said I, feebly, "I am glad I wrote to Tom;" and his own dear voice replied,

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie! I thought I never should see you again."

Then Tom told how he was in the front passenger car, the only one that was saved. The curve was so sharp that he looked back as he felt a strange jar, and saw the two back cars plunge off: then he knew there was no hope. "I learned what prayer meant in that second, Maggie," said Tom, reverently.

Then he took me in his arms and carried me out: he would not let Uncle Cyrus help him, and I could not yet stand; and Tom took his first ride, after all, in the old wagon with the high green settle. It was only eight o'clock when we got home, though it had seemed so much like midnight to me.

That night, as I awoke Tom for the fortieth time, to make sure that he was really by my side, and not a mangled corpse among the whirling waters and sharp rocks of the river, I said, softly,

"Tom, I *will* go to the Episcopal church, and I *will* make a business of learning to find my place in the Prayer-Book."

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, "I have taken a pew in your church—I forgot to tell you: this terrible shock put everything out of my head. When I thought it was all over with me, I hoped you would find it out, and know I wanted to please you."

"Oh, Tom," said I, beginning to cry, "you always wanted to please me;" and I privately resolved to take *The Origin of the Stars* "by the horns," as father used to say, and learn everything about oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen as soon as we got home.

"Don't cry so, Maggie," said Tom, "you'll be getting hysterical next. Now I will tell you some home-news that will surprise you and make you laugh: Philip Flanders is engaged."

I *was* surprised, though I did not laugh. If ever anybody "saw stars," I did then, but I knew their "origin" without going to Tom's book for it.

"Engaged!" said I, with an unnatural airiness in my tone: "to whom, pray?"

"Guess," said Tom—"some one that you know."

I could think of no one but Lizzy Plummer, and I would not guess her, for I never could bear her, because she could wear a boot half a size and a glove a quarter of a size smaller than I could; so I gave it up.

"Mrs. Harriet Monroe," said Tom, with great solemnity.

"Why, Tom!" I cried, sitting up in bed—"she is forty-five, at least, and so fat!"

"Yes," said Tom, pulling me back, "and she has a 'fat' purse, which is all Flanders cares for: they have been engaged for a year, and have only waited to secure some property which was to come to her at this time. They will be married and go abroad at once."

A year! Then he was engaged to her before and after he became my "lonely," "wretched" "more than friend!"—all the time that he was singing with me and admiring my slender, willowy figure, and she so fat! He whose only fault had been that he had too much heart—whose misfortune and misery had been that he had met me *too late*—was going to marry an oldish widow for *money*.

Well, he had secured a strong matronly friend: I was glad, I was sure, or at least I ought to be. If my proposed occupation was gone, I should be at liberty to devote myself to Tom with a clear conscience, or at least as clear as it could be under the circumstances.

"Do you know, Maggie," said Tom, "that James Roberts once tried to make me jealous of you and Flanders?"

"Of me?" said I, faintly.

"Yes," replied he, "Roberts came to me one day and said, 'Tom, isn't Flanders at your house a good deal?' 'Yes,' said I, 'he is: he is a help to Maggie about her music.' 'I thought he was there pretty often,' returned Roberts, 'for I have happened in several times when you have been at the club, and have always found Flanders. He is a confounded flirt, and if I had a young and pretty wife, I would not trust him with her. I would stay at home from the club and take care of her.'"

"Is he a flirt?" I interrupted.

"Oh yes," replied Tom—"particularly with married women. Roberts said he had made untold misery in a great many families. His 'dodge' was to make each woman believe that he was lonely, wretched and dying for sympathy, but that he should never marry, because he had not met her till it was too late."

Oh, wasn't I glad that I had never kissed Philip, and that his one passionate kiss had been a complete surprise to me?

Tom went on: "'I am much obliged to you, Roberts,' said I, when he had said all he had to say, 'but I do not choose to give up my club, and I can trust my little wife with any man.'"

"And so you can, Tom—so you can!" I cried, in a sudden gush of remorseful tenderness. "I always hated James Roberts: I wish he was dead."

"Oh, he meant well enough," said Tom, drowsily, "only in this case he made an ass of himself, and he saw that I thought so."

Then Tom gave me one kiss more and we went to sleep; and that was the last of our "incompatibility," though we still have some pretty sharp differences; and I suppose we shall so long as Tom is a sandy-complexioned man, with reddish-brown hair and fiery hazel eyes, while I have jet-black hair, and eyes which do not wait for long provocation before they flash.

Perhaps, when the hair is white, and the eyes are dim and look through spectacles, if we should live together so long—and God grant we may!—an Indian summer with bright tints indeed, but soft haze and quiet light, will come to us, as it has to Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

TOGETHER.

Sweet hand that, held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take thee as the sign

Of sweeter days in store
For life, and more than life, when life is done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that at such fond request,
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest
Some silent heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand
Which saves e'en while it blesses; hold me fast;
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So near the better land.

Sweet hand that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this, and make me thine.

☞ The pretty girls employed in the Treasury Department, at Washington, are known among the beaux as "Revenue Cutters."

☞ It is a singular fact that of the twelve or fifteen newly elected members of the Alabama Legislature there is not a negro among them.

☞ An enterprising British house-agent is vigorously advertising a villa which adjoins Mr. Tennyson's house, and is recommending it for the view it commands of the grounds of the poet. The view of the poet is not included in the lease, but is sold by implication.

☞ It is asserted by Mons. de Pauw, that there is no nation mentioned in history which has not at one time or another made the blood of its people to stream forth in pious ceremonies, with the view of appeasing its deities.

☞ There is an establishment in Bristol, England, where a butt of sherry wine can be manufactured from the raw material in half an hour, without using a drop of sherry.

☞ A London importer of Australian beef proposes to furnish a meat dinner, "well-cooked, savory and nutritious," for two cents. Soup and bread two cents extra.

☞ Gladstone says that Mr. George Peabody taught us the most needful of all lessons—"how a man can be master of his fortune and not its slave."

☞ Wendell Phillips, in his "Lost Arts," says the ancients three thousand years ago knew how to make sherry cobblers.

☞ A fall of ten degrees in the thermometer causes a bale of cotton to gain about a pound and a half in weight.

☞ The Cincinnati Health Officer charges the rinderpest to feeding stock on sour swill.

Varnish for Burns.

The attention of medical men in Paris has recently been directed to a new remedy for burns, discovered accidentally by a workman. A varnisher of metals lately got his hand severely burned while at work, and, not knowing what to do to deaden the acute pain, thrust his hand into a pot of varnish. The pain ceased, as if by enchantment; on the day following, he made a further application of his discovery, and, in a few days, a new skin was formed over the burn, and the hand recovered its wonted flexibility. All the persons burned in his neighborhood came to get their wounds dressed, received the simple treatment, and went home rejoicing. After the terrible gunpowder explosion at Metz last month, the varnisher was summoned to the hospital to do his best for the victims of that calamity, whose lives were despaired of on account of the gravity of their burns. He varnished and cured them all in such a short space of time that the town of Metz was filled with stories of his success. The news of his wonderful cures reached Paris, the manager of one of the largest hospitals here sent for him, and, desirous of testing the accuracy of the reports, intrusted him with two patients who were dangerously burned. He covered them over with his varnish, leaving a spot upon each untouched, to be treated with nitrate of silver (the usual remedy) by the chief doctor of the establishment. The wounds so covered with varnish healed rapidly, while those treated with nitrate of silver, in spite of all the doctor's efforts, did not close up. The services of the varnisher were again called upon, who accordingly applied his remedy to the spots which the nitrate of silver was powerless to heal. The two patients obtained almost instant relief, and, after a short detention, left the hospital completely cured, thus once more establishing the superlative excellence of his remedy for such cases.

A MISER.—An old man, Lyman Allen, was found dead in his bed, at Taylor's Hotel, *Jersey City*, Nov. 26th. Very little was known about him, and though troubled with a complication of physical infirmities, he never had anybody to attend him. It was generally believed he was very poor, as he always dressed shabbily, and lived at the cheapest rate. On examination of the property in his room, however, $600,000 of money was discovered, with securities for large sums elsewhere. A will was also found dated fifteen years ago, bequeathing his entire property to his sister and her children.

Next morning his sister and two nephews came from Newton, Conn., to claim the property. They said he was born in Connecticut in 1797, and had many years ago been a commission merchant in New York, amassing a large fortune, which he had always kept to himself. His reputation was that of a miser, evidences of which were abundant enough in his bedroom. The sight of the ragged garments in which he had clothed himself, brought tears to the eyes of the sister.

EUGENIE.—Many years ago there lived in an Andalusian town a German toy-maker, who had a charming daughter. This young maiden was famous for her beauty and virtue, both of which attracted the attention, and won the love of the young son of Count Montijo. She met his advances with the cry—"marriage before love." His affection for her was an honest one, and in spite of his father's obstinate refusal he married her. The Count refused the young pair any assistance, so that their sufferings promised to be very great. But the two eldest brothers of the young husband dying, the old Count had but the prodigal child, whom he took back to his heart and purse. This Countess of Montijo was the mother of Eugenie of France.

☞ A Georgia family has arrived as immigrants in Kansas, consisting of father, mother and sixteen children, none of them under six feet tall.

☞ A citizen of Monroe county, Ky., is the father of thirty-three sons.

☞ A gay youth of 80 led a bride, fat, fair and forty, to the hymenial altar, in Saloisa, Ky., recently.

☞ Russellville, Ky., has formed a brass band, and the only thing lacking to its success are instruments, a teacher and practice.

☞ A Detroit paper cites an instance of success in business for the encouragement of young men: "Twenty years ago, Henry Thompson wasn't worth a cent. To-day he owns a hand-cart, and does hauling at thirty cents per load.

☞ An old man of 70, who had been several times a widower, recently married at Columbus, Ohio, his first love, then a widow.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 9000 bbls sold at $5,35 for superfine; $5,50@5,75 for extra; $5,75@6,50 for Northwest family; $5,50@6,25 for Penna extra family; $6@6,75 for Ohio and Indiana extra family, and $7@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 20,000 bus of Penna and Western red sold at $1,21@1,28; 15,000 bus Delaware do at $1,22@1,27, and 2000 bus of Western and Penna red at $1,40@1,50 ₩ bus. Rye—4000 bus of Western and Penna sold at $1,05@1,10 ₩ bus. Old Corn—Sales of 40,000 bus Western mixed at $1,05@1,11; 20,000 bus of Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,06@1,12, and 30,000 bus of new yellow at 87@95c ₩ bus. Oats—50,000 bus of Western and Penna sold at 60@63c ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing; sales of 300 mess bbls Pork at $22,50@23 ₩ bbl. City packed mess Beef; sales at $20,50@21. Beef Hams are held at $30@31. Bacon; sales of Excelsior Hams at 22c, Sides at 19@20c, and Shoulders at 16½@17c. Green Meats; sales of 200 tcs pickled Hams at 16½@17c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard; sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 18½@19c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 20c. Butter; sales are making at 36@38c for Western; 40@46c for New York; 18@25c for solid packed, and 20@40c for roll. Cheese sells at 18@19c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 38@42c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales middlings at 25@25½c for uplands, and 25@26c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—235 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; Mixed do $1,25@1,40; Straw $1,40@1,50.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing, sales of 1400 tons, including No. 1 at $40; No 2 at $37@38; and No 3 at $25@26,50; and 1500 tons Forge at $26; white and mottled Iron at $33,50@34,50; and Scotch pig at $37@38 ₩ ton. Manufactured Iron—Sales of bars at $65.

SEEDS—1200 bus Cloverseed sold at $7,25@7,90; and 100 bus Timothy at $3,37½@3,50. 2500 bus Flaxseed sells at $2,25@2,40 ₩ bus.

WOOL—There is less doing. Sales of 125,000 lbs at 42@57c for unwashed; 55@60c for tub; 47@55c for mixed and fine fleece, and pulled at 40@44c ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

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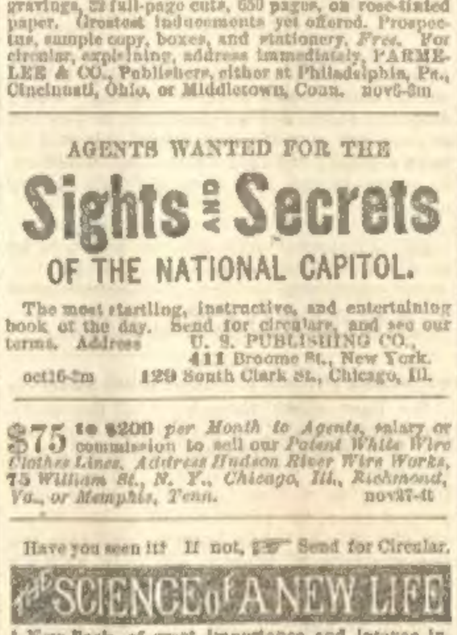

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Our facilities for transacting this immense business are better than ever before. We have agents in all the principal cities to purchase goods from the manufacturers, importers, and others, for Cash, and often at an immense sacrifice from the original cost of production.

Our stock consists, in part, of the following goods:

Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linen, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Skirts, Corsets, &c., &c.

Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, five-bottle plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

Elegant French and German Fancy Goods, Beautiful Photograph Albums, the newest and choicest styles in Morocco and Velvet Bindings.

Morocco Travelling Bags, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, &c.

Gold and Plated Jewelry of the newest styles.

We have also made arrangements with some of the leading publishing houses, that will enable us to sell the standard and latest works of popular authors at about one-half the regular prices—such as BYRON, MOORE, BURNS, MILTON, and TENNYSON'S WORKS, in full gilt and cloth bindings—and hundreds of others. These and everything else for

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

We do not offer a single article of merchandise, that can be sold by regular dealers at our price. We do not ask you to buy goods from us unless we can sell them cheaper than you can obtain them in any other way—while the greater part of our goods are sold at about

One-Half the Regular Rates.

We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your spare time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions, either in **Cash** or **Merchandise**, and all goods sent by us will be as represented, and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

As the holidays are coming, we are making special arrangements to supply *every one* who reads our advertisement, with the most handsome and useful holiday presents that can be thought of or wished for, and to enable them to procure them cheaply and expeditiously, we will give to any one who will become our agent, *One Hundred Free Tickets*, enumerating some of the many different articles from which you can make your selection of holiday presents.

For returning full clubs from these Free Tickets, accompanied by the cash, we will give the same extra premiums that we now give, just the same as if you had paid 10 cents for each one of your tickets. We wish you to understand that not any other firm in the business can compete with us in any way whatever.

As this free ticket is only good for the holidays, you must send in your orders before the 20th of January, 1870.

In every order amounting to over $50, accompanied by the cash, the agent may retain $2.00, and in every order of over $100, $3.00 may be retained to

PAY THE EXPRESS CHARGES.

This offer is more especially to assist agents in the Western and Southern States, but is open to all customers.

COMMISSIONS:

Agents will be paid ten per cent. in cash or merchandize, when they *fill up their entire club*, for which below we give a partial list of commissions:

For an order of $30, from a club of thirty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 28 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, good Dress Pattern, Wool Square Shawl, French Cassimere Pants and Vest Pattern, fine large White Counterpane, etc., etc., or $3 in cash.

For an order of $50; from a club of fifty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 45 yds. Sheeting, one pair heavy Wool Blankets, Poplin Dress Pattern, handsome Wool Square Shawl, Silver Case Watch, etc., etc., or $5 in cash.

For an order of $100, from a club of one hundred, we will pay the agent, as commission, 100 yds. good yard-wide Sheeting, Coin-Silver Hunting Case Watch, rich long Wool Shawl, suit of all Wool French Cassimere, etc., etc., or $10 in cash.

We do not employ any travelling agents, and customers should not pay money to persons purporting to be our agents, *unless personally acquainted.*

SEND MONEY ALWAYS BY REGISTERED LETTERS.

For further particulars send for our new eight-page catalogue.

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A GREAT INVENTION.—Magic Drawing Sheets. Samples 10 cts. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Address HARBER BROS., Fort Byron, Ills. nov13-6t

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Is curable! We have a positive remedy for it and all disorders of the throat and lungs, and
CAN
refer immediate and permanent relief in all instances. See testimonials! $1,000 will
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given by us for any case in which we do not afford positive benefit. All who would be
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may receive a sample of our medicine free.
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oct2-3m

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1870 "THE RIVERSIDE." 1870

The most delightful of all magazines for young people. Crowded with entertaining and instructive reading matter. Illustrated in the finest manner by our first artists. At the head of its contributors is Hans Andersen, the most eminent living writer for the young. Jacob Abbott, Paul H. Hayne, Port Crayon, and a host of witty and sensible writers contribute to the magazine. It is eminently *the* magazine for the household. It is not too young for the old nor too old for the young. For every new name with $2.50 which a subscriber sends, the publishers will send one dollar's worth in books from a list of $200 worth published by them. A capital chance to lay in reading for the long evenings, and to procure valuable books to give away for holiday presents. The magazine for nothing. Any boy or girl who will send the names of four subscribers with $10, shall receive a copy for one year free. Hurd & Houghton, Publishers, 459 Broome St., New York.

☞ Published monthly. Single numbers 25 cents. Regular subscription $2.50 per year. To teachers and clergymen $2. Specimen copies 20 cents. Catalogues and prospectuses free.

Young Men Why Don't You Go To Work?

I can furnish a few live men in every county with steady employment, and pay a salary of $20 a week for six months. Business light and respectable. Suitable for an office or for travelling. I have no cheap, catch-penny affair, but one of the most useful, ingenious and wonderful little machines ever invented. A Genuine Curiosity. It won't cost you much to write to me, and I will send $1.00 to any one who is dissatisfied with the investigation. Address, enclosing stamp, R. H. WALKER, 38 John Street, New York, (P. O. Box 3980.)

£28.000.000. Lawrence Townley Estate of England. According to the opinion of the best lawyers, I am the heir to this estate. I will sell a few shares at a sacrifice to obtain money to prosecute my claim in England. For particulars, address JASIEL LAWRENCE, N. Y.

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CHAS. A. DANA, EDITOR.
The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $3; and WEEKLY, $1 a year. All the News at half-price. All sorts of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber. Inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. $1000 Life Insurance, Grand Pianos, Sewing Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.
I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

Tool Chests and Lathes.—Are elegant, useful and instructive. Suitable for boys, amateurs and mechanics. Illustrated catalogue free. Address GEORGE PARR, Buffalo, New York.

Collegiate and Commercial Institute, (*Gen. Russell's School*,) New Haven, Conn. Winter term begins Jan. 11.

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Why do people pay $30 to $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $22 will buy a better one for all practical purposes? The "Franklin" and "Diamond" Machines can be had in any quantity as usual, regardless the false reports of rival dealers, who compel their customers to pay a profit of over 100 per cent. on inferior machines. Our legion of friends *know* that we furnish a first-class standard machine of established merit, double thread, *complete, with Table*, at *reasonable* prices, and thousands of patrons endorse our statements when we claim that these Machines excel ALL others, for simplicity and genuine perfection. They are constructed upon entirely new and improved principles, and run without band or gearing. Warranted for 10 years. We desire to do more good by finding new customers and take this method to extend sales. All competition defied, and prices lower than others can furnish the unfinished stock. ☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent on trial and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. For circulars, testimonials, and reduced price list, address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Machine Brokers, box 397, Boston, Mass.

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Is an infallible cure for this fearful vice. Its use will at once remove the taste or desire for stimulants, and will soon create an actual dislike for them. It can be administered in tea, coffee, or even water, without exciting suspicion, as it is free from taste or smell. ☞ **Every Victim of Intemperance can be Cured.** Price $2 per box. Sent free by mail on receipt of the money. Sold by druggists, or address GEO. E. ROBINSON & CO., Druggists, corner Court and Harrison Sts., Brooklyn, New York.

STAMMERING cured by *Bates' Appliances*. For descriptive pamphlet, address *Simpson & Co.*, Box 5076, New York.

TO THE WORKING CLASS. We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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SO SAYS THE "FREDONIA ADVERTISER" OF THE
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SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,
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$1140. How I made it in 6 months. Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Fulton*, New York.

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for $1. For sale by merchants and druggists generally. Address *Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.*

Persons thinking of advertising to any extent will do well before making contracts to apply to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.
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inclosing stamp for their circular containing the names of more than One Thousand Newspapers and cost of advertising in them.

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WANTED—AGENTS.—$250 per month to sell the only *GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE*. Price only $18. Great inducements to agents. This is the most popular Sewing Machine of the day—makes the famous "Elastic Lock Stitch"—will do any kind of work that can be done on any machine—100,000 sold and the demand constantly increasing. Now is the time to take an agency. Send for circulars. ☞ *Beware of Infringers.* ☜ Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED.—Light work, good pay. Sample 10c., retails at 20c. B. GEHR, Shiremanstown, Pa.

OUR MOTTO IS
TO XL ALL,

Both in quality and quantity of goods, as our agents will testify, being the oldest house in the country, selling each article for one dollar, shipping all goods the day the order is received, having a large stock to select from of first-class goods, bought expressly for fall trade; and to satisfy all that we are reliable, we give below (reference by permission), Jordan, Marsh & Co.; Geo. S. Winslow & Co.; Boston Silver Glass Co.; Lee & Shepard.

P. S. Send for circular. Address EASTMAN & KENDALL, 25 Hawley St., Boston. P. O. Box E.

KNIT—KNIT—KNIT.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE, the only practical family Knitting Machine ever invented. Price $25. Will knit 30,000 stitches per minute. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

WIT AND HUMOR.

My Wife's Bridal Tour.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

When I married my second wife, she was dreadful set about going off on a bridal tour. I told her she'd better wait six months or a year, and I'd try to go with her, but she said she'd rather go alone—when a woman was travelling a man was an out-and-out humbug.

So I gave her seventy-five cents, and told her to go off and have a good time. I never begrudge money where my wife's happiness is concerned. My first wife never could complain of not going anywheres, for I'm dreadful fierce to go off on a good time myself, and always was. I don't pretend to say how many times I took her out to see the engine squirt—and there was no end to the free lectures I let her go to. The neighbors used to say: "It does beat all how the Skinners do go!"

When Signor Blitz was in Slunkville, with his wonderful canaries, he gave my wife a complimentary ticket. I not only sold that ticket for my wife, but I gave her half the money. I don't boast of it though; I only mention it to show how much I thought of my wife's happiness.

I don't think any man ought to get married till he can consider his wife's happiness only second to his own. John Wise, a neighbor of mine, did thusly, and when I got married, I concluded I'd do like Wise.

But the plan didn't work in the case of my second wife. No, I should say not. I broached the subject kindly.

"Matilda," I said, "I suppose you are aware that I am now your lord and master."

"Not much you aint," said she.

"Mrs. Skinner," I replied, "you are fearfully demoralized. You need reorganizing at once. You are cranky." And I brandished my new sixty-two cent umbrella wildly around her.

She took the umbrella away from me, and locked me up in the clothespress.

I am quick to draw an inference, and the inference I drew here was, that I was not a success as a reorganizer of female women.

After this, I changed my tactics. I let her have her own way, and the plan worked to a charm from the very first. It's the best way of managing a wife that I know of. Of course this is between you and me.

So when my wife said she was bound to go off on a bridal tour anyhow, I cordially assented.

"Go, Matilda," said I, "and stay as long as you want to; then if you feel as though you would like to stay a little while longer, stay, my dear, stay."

She told me to stop talking, and go upstairs and get her red flannel night-cap, and that bag of penny-royal for her Aunt Abigail.

My wife is a very smart woman. She was a Baxter, and the Baxters are a very smart family indeed. Her mother, who is going on eighty, can fry more slapjacks now, than half these primped-up city girls, who rattle on the piano, or else walk the streets with their furbelows and fixings, pretending to get mad if a young chap looks at 'em pretty hard, but getting mad in earnest if you don't take any notice of them at all.

Ah! girls ain't what they used to be when I was young, and the fellows are worse still. When I went courting, for instance, I never thought of staying till after ten o'clock, and only went twice a week. Now they go seven nights in a week, and cry because there aint eight. Then they write touching notes to each other during the day. "Dear George, do you love me as much now as you did at quarter past twelve last night? Say you do, dearest, and it will give me courage to go down to dinner and tackle them cold beans, left over from yesterday."

Well, well, I suppose they enjoy themselves, and it ain't for us old folks, whose hearts have got a little calloused by long wear, to interfere. Let them get together and court, if they like it—and I think they do. I was forty-seven when I courted my present wife, but it seemed just as nice to sit on a little cricket at her feet, and let her smooth my hair, as it did thirty years ago.

As I said before, my wife is a very smart woman, but she couldn't be anything else, and be a Baxter. She used to give lectures on Woman's Rights, and in one place where she lectured, a big college conferred the title of L. L. D. upon her. But she wouldn't take it. "No, gentlemen," said she, "give it to the poor." She was always just so charitable. She gave my boys permission to go barefooted all winter, and insisted upon it so much in her kind way, that they couldn't refuse.

She fairly dotes on my children, and I've seen her many a time go to their trowsers pockets and take out their pennies after they'd got to sleep, and put them in her bureau drawer for fear they might lose them. * * * * *

I started to tell you about my wife's bridal tour, but the fact is, I never could find out much about it myself. I believe she had a good time. She came back improved in health, and I found out, before she'd been in the house twenty-four hours, that she'd gained in strength also. I don't say how I found it out. I simply say I found it out.

In conclusion, I would say to all young men: Marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow money to do it.

Humors of the War.

It is said that when John C. Breckinridge and Humphrey Marshall met at Paris, Kentucky, recently, Mr. Breckinridge told the following story of the war: When Gen. Pegram was preparing to march his troops into Kentucky, Marshall, who did not like poaching upon his preserves, ineffectually warned him not to come, and at last sent word that any troops which attempted to enter Kentucky would have to pass over his dead body. Pegram replied that it would be too much to expect that of his artillery, "But if he found the obstacle in his way, he would immediately tunnel through."

In a similar vein of extravagance, a Southern general, on the march of Lee's army into Maryland, called out to a magnificent colonel to "Take his moustache out of the road, so as to let his brigade march by."

THE FEATHER THAT NEARLY BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK.

LITTLE WIFE.—"One thing more, Dolly Poppet, which I'd nearly forgotten! Get three pairs of the thickest black ribbed lamb's-wool stockings for mamma. Here's an old pair for the size, which you can carry in your breast-pocket. Don't forget!"

Not So New.

Many years ago, when Judge Robert M. Charlton, of Savannah, Georgia, was quite a young man, he, in company with his father, Hon. T. U. P. Charlton, spent every summer in the delightful little village of Clarksville, Northeast Georgia.

One day Robert was passing along the street in Clarksville, and it happened to be election day, (Members of Congress were then elected by what was called the general ticket system and not by districts as they now are,) when he was met by a verdant Democrat of the mountains, who accosted him thus:

"Mr. Charlton, are you the man that is running for Congress?"

"No, sir! I am no candidate—my father is, however. But may I ask why this inquiry?"

"Nothing, only I haven't voted yit."

"If it is consistent with your feelings I would like it if you would vote for my father."

"I would just as soon vote for him as anybody."

Mr. C. thanked him, and thinking, perhaps, his friend was seeking a treat, invited him into a neighboring bar-room.

"What will you take?"

"I never drink anything, but I see they have some ginger cakes. I would as lief take one of them with you as not."

"Very well. Give us a cake."

"My brother is in town with me."

"All right, take him a cake with my respects." Another cake was purchased and paid for, and the two friends parted, "Greeny" to find his brother, and Mr. C. to join in the merry dance with his young friends in a parlor hard by. "The golden hours on angel's wings" passed rapidly away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was soon forgotten. Late in the afternoon, when there was a pause in the dance, our verdant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parlor, inquiring for Mr. C. Of course all eyes were directed to our friend as he approached Mr. C. Drawing from his bosom a four by six inch cake, he said: "Mr. Charlton, here's your cake. My brother had voted afore I seed him."

Mr. C.'s embarrassment was not greater than his admiration of the fellow's honesty.

Sealed "Proposals."

TO CONTRACTORS.—The undersigned, feeling the need of some one to find fault with and grumble at when business matters go wrong, and being lonely, with no one to hate him; and whereas, having arrived at the proper age, he is therefore determined to "come out."

Sealed proposals will be received until 12 o'clock, P. M., of the 31st of December, 1869. Applicant must possess beauty, or its equivalent in currency.

She must possess a sweet and forgiving disposition, and, when one cheek is kissed, turn the other—that is, if the right man is kissing.

She may not chew gum.

Nor wear long dresses in the streets.

Nor frequent sewing circles.

Nor go around begging for charitable purposes.

Nor read the paper first in the morning.

Nor talk when I am sleepy.

Nor sleep when I am talking.

Nor trade off my clothes to wandering Jews for flower vases.

Nor borrow money from my pockets while I sleep.

Nor hold a looking-glass over my face at such times to make me tell all I know.

She must believe in sudden attacks of chills, and make allowance for their effect on the nervous system.

When her "old bear" comes home from "a few friends" rather affectionate, she must not take advantage of his state, and wheedle him into trips to watering-places.

And, above all, she may not on such occasions put "ipecac" into the coffee she prescribes for his "poor head."

She must not sit up for him when he happens to be detained to a late hour on his committee.

A lady possessing the foregoing qualifications, positive and negative, can hear of something to her advantage by addressing the advertiser, inclosing a stamp.

All proposals must be accompanied with satisfactory evidence of the ability of the applicant to support a husband in the style to which he has been accustomed.

☞ QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.—Why should delicate, house-bred little girls wear upon their legs only thin muslin drawers and fine cotton stockings, while the great strong men, who are their fathers, wear stout, warm cloth both for drawers and pantaloons, and leather boot-legs besides?

Why should the little girls go with their arms and shoulders bare, while their fathers have shirts and lined coat-sleeves on their arms? Why?

Advice to Young Men.

A lady, who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men:—

Dear gentlemen, between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at 8 o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—that is a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of a father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft repeated threat in execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then, sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come, be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake, don't—throw down your paper with a "pshaw!" but remember the safe side of ten.

☞ An ugly old bachelor, about town, whom no woman would have, being rallied on his matrimonial prospects with, "Don't despair! there are as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, you know," is said to have replied: "Yes, I know—but somehow it seems to me *that they don't bite as they used to.*"

☞ Flattery is like cologne water, to be smelt of not swallowed.—*Josh Billings.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Vigorous Plants Exempt from Insects.

We have often thought if all the conditions were present to give vigorous growth and health to a plant, that such plant would either not be preyed upon at all by insects injurious to vegetation, or, if they were preyed upon, the plant would be able to resist the attacks made upon it; and that the depredations of insects are only nature's gentle reminders that something is lacking which the plant needs. In the animal kingdom do we not find lice, ticks, &c., preying upon the unthrifty, while those in a thriving and growing condition are exempt?

A Southern planter, writing to the agricultural department of the Mobile Register, and giving details of the almost total destruction of his cotton crop by the bollworm and caterpillar, closes his article with the following suggestive postscript:—

A corner of the farm, about one-eighth of an acre, was so poor, though guano had been applied, that I replanted it as late as the 24th of June, before I could get a stand, and it continued so stunted and sorry looking that, about the middle of August, I applied half a spadeful of fresh cow dung to each stalk, covering with a little earth. Having a good season from thence, the cotton grew off magically, commenced fruiting at once, is now weighed down with bolls, and, strange to tell, not a leaf has been touched by the caterpillar, though they devoured the other to the very rows so treated. Nor has the boll-worm disturbed it. I applied fresh stable manure to another poor spot, with like result as to worms, but not as to growth, for the plants *fired* from the caustic properties of the manure. They fruited extremely well, nevertheless.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

How One Man Attends a 1400 Acre Farm.

On a recent ride through Macoupin county, Ill., I stopped at the farm of old Mr. Vansel. This farm contains about 1400 acres of excellent land, mostly prairie, and he employs no regular hired help. The farm is entirely surrounded by a good hedge, and divided in the same manner into lots of different sizes, and although a stock farm the proprietor keeps but little of his own, but pastures cattle for others.

At the time of this visit, there were in his pastures near 600 head of cattle, and he sometimes has 800 or 1,000, for which he receives two dollars per month for each animal. The pastures are not allowed to be used early in the spring, not until the ground is well settled and the feed abundant. They are never fed close, but as the feed becomes short the stock is moved to other lots, and large fields are left entirely for winter pasturage. He cultivates a little corn, and cuts 100 or 200 tons of hay, which he sells in winter to drovers; and it is only to secure the latter crop that he employs any outside assistance, and is thus under but little expense, and has not much capital employed aside from the value of his farm. Under this system, the land is not impoverished. The pastures do not run out, but are improving every year. Who will say, in these days of high prices for labor and low prices for produce, with the uncertainty of crops and the seasons; that with the money that would be necessary, put out at ten per cent., he is not as well off as if he cultivated a thousand acres. C.

A Useful Table.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:—

5 yards wide by 968 yards long contains 1 acre.

10 yards wide by 484 yards long contains 1 acre.

20 yards wide by 242 yards long contains 1 acre.

40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains 1 acre.

80 yards wide by 60½ yards long contains 1 acre.

70 yards wide by 69½ yards long contains 1 acre.

220 feet wide by 198 feet long contains 1 acre.

440 feet wide by 99 feet long contains 1 acre.

110 feet wide by 369 feet long contains 1 acre.

60 feet wide by 726 feet long contains 1 acre.

120 feet wide by 303 feet long contains 1 acre.

240 feet wide by 181½ feet long contains 1 acre.

Normandy Horses.

Two large and powerful Normandy horses, imported for the purpose of improving the breed of American stock, arrived a few days ago at New York on the steamship Lafayette. These animals were obtained after a thorough research through the French markets. The first, a black stallion of graceful build, named "Cupidon," is seventeen hands high, weighs 2,300 pounds—1,000 pounds more than an ordinary horse, and is five and a half years old. The second, a gray stallion, named "Mouton," is 16¼ hands high, and is 4½ years old. These horses are valued at $5,000 each, and cost $340 to bring over. Their former owners have received medals and certificates for their improved stock of horses.

California Farms.

A correspondent writes:—The Californian invites an Eastern visitor: "Come down to San Mateo and spend a week with me." "Have you a ranch there?" "Yes, a little place." "What do you call a little place?" "Well, 20,000 acres"—or 30,000, or 40,000, as the case may be. Everybody seems to have a little place. The other evening I met Col. Beal. "Have you a little place, too?" I asked. "Yes, 225,000 acres on my home ranch, and 25,000 more in Northern California!" That "home ranch," if it were a square tract, would be 19 miles across. It is one-third as large as the state of Rhode Island. There are other men who own 300,000 acres apiece.

RECEIPTS.

TO STEW A FOWL WITH ONIONS.—Wash it clean, dry and truss it as for boiling, put a little pepper and salt into it, rub it with a bit of butter, as also the saucepan; put in with the fowl a pint of veal stock or water, a little pepper and salt, turn it now and then, and when it becomes quite tender, add twelve or sixteen small onions, and let them stew for half an hour; a young fowl will take one hour, and an old one three hours to stew.

TO FRY REED BIRDS.—Pick, draw, and wash carefully one dozen or more reed birds; place them between the folds of a clean towel, and, with a rolling-pin, mash the bones quite flat; season with pepper and salt, and fry the same as oysters.

TO BROIL REED BIRDS.—Prepare them as above; place them on a gridiron made for broiling oysters; put them on a clear fire, and as soon as a light brown, turn over the gridiron. When done, place them on a heated dish, season with pepper.

TO ROAST RABBIT.—Having trussed the rabbit, prepare a rich stuffing of corn and wheat bread, mixed and rubbed fine, butter, pepper, salt, thyme, and beaten yolk of egg. Stuff the body of the rabbit, and tie it up, and rub the skin with butter. Roast before the fire, or in a moderate oven, for two or three hours. Serve with currant jelly.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 90 letters.

My 1, 40, 76, 62, 15, 57, was an ancient mountain.

My 3, 13, 42, 54, 31, 48, was an ancient queen.

My 9, 30, 43, 69, 78, 85, was an ancient prophet.

My 14, 2, 44, 26, 58, 77, was an ancient mountain.

My 17, 4, 40, 34, 15, 60, was a Bible animal.

My 20, 48, 62, 35, 69, 22, was a precious stone.

My 26, 6, 45, 64, 33, 63, was an ancient province.

My 28, 12, 7, 40, 50, 61, was an ancient wood.

My 32, 25, 49, 10, 66, 16, was an ancient city.

My 36, 8, 19, 24, 27, 55, was a Jewish woman.

My 41, 70, 5, 62, 18, 80, was a heathen idol.

My 46, 9, 23, 65, 52, 11, was an ancient city.

My 53, 6, 81, 72, 89, 23, was a musical instrument.

My 56, 97, 5, 21, 13, 41, was an article of clothing.

My 62, 48, 90, 82, 74, 50, was a Judge of Israel.

My 67, 30, 44, 11, 52, 16, was an ancient city.

My 71, 58, 47, 14, 84, 36, was an ancient island.

My 75, 63, 38, 29, 73, 27, was a Jewish measure.

My 83, 2, 42, 39, 37, 78, was an ancient king.

My 86, 79, 20, 8, 15, 59, was an ancient mountain.

My 88, 4, 35, 51, 22, 85, was an ancient tribe.

My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Riddle.

I am composed of four letters.

I am one of the most useful, as well as the most destructive things in this world.

Behead me, and I am wrath itself.

Head me and cut my tail off, and I am a tree.

My 3, 1, is one of the most important words in the English language.

What am I? FRANK POORMAN.

Bloomington, Ill.

Probability Problem.

Three arrows are sticking in a circular target. What is the probability that they are in the vertices of an acute angled triangle? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A person possesses a wagon with a mechanical contrivance by which the difference of the number of revolutions of the wheels on a journey may be determined. It is known that each of the fore wheels is 6 feet, and each of the hind wheels 7½ feet in circumference. Now when on a journey the fore wheel has made 3,000 revolutions more than the hind wheel, how great was the distance travelled? J. B. SANDERS.

Tobinsport, Indiana.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Four times the square of an unknown number, if added to the number itself, sums up 1 less than 5 times the square of another unknown number diminished by the latter unknown number. Now if the latter unknown is 2 less than the former unknown, I would wish to know if these two unknown numbers can be found; and if they can, what they respectively are. X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the camel the most irascible animal in the world? Ans.—Because he always has his back up.

☞ Why are young ladies, at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Ans.—Because they can't go off without the beaux, and are in a quiver until they get them.

☞ What is the difference between a man and a chicken? Ans.—Man has his eternity in the next world, and chickens have their necks twirled in this.

☞ Why is the sun like a good loaf? Ans.—Because it is not light until it rises.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Procrastination. RIDDLE—James the First—Gunpowder Plot. (JapanninG, AbihU, MaiN, EncampP, SO, ToW, HaroID, ExcuseE, FlounderR, ImP, ReeL, SiroccO, TargeT.)

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of Oct. 2d.—Volume of cone, 2144.06374 cubic inches—W. Hoover, J. S. Phebus. The volume of the cone is equal to 8-27 of the Solidity of the Sphere—J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—A 144, B 240, C 210—W. H. Morrow, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, W. J. Barrett, Rufus S. Turner, J. G. Gardner.

Answer to Will's PROBLEM of same date.—The Nos. are 11 and 7—Will, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders.

CURING DEER SKINS WITH THE HAIR ON.—Steep the skins in water and wash them well till they are soft and clean; they are then scraped and thinned on the fleshy side with a fleshing knife, and laid in fermented loam for a few days, after which they are taken out and washed. A solution of salt and lime is then made, and the fleshy side rapidly and well rubbed with it, till the fleshy side is well bleached; after which make a paste to the consistency of honey, of the lime and salt solution, by adding wheaten flour and yolks of eggs, and spread this paste on the fleshy side; after this they are stretched and dried—and when dry rubbed with pumicestone.

The above is a recipe proposed by the editor of the Irish Farmer's Gazette.

APPLE MOLASSES.—Take new sweet cider just from the press, made from sweet apples, and boil it down as thick as West India molasses. It should be boiled in brass, and not burned, as that would injure the flavor. It will keep in the cellar, and is said to be as good, and for many purposes, better than West India molasses.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Grate a good, sweet pumpkin; add to it sufficient milk to thin in like custard; add four eggs, one teacupful of sugar, or sufficient to sweeten it to your taste; add a little ground cinnamon and a little cinnamon water; mix all well together; make a crust like for pies, fill your shell, sprinkle them over thickly with pulverized cinnamon. Bake with a moderate heat.